



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 6

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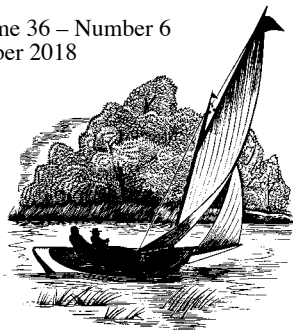
**Some of the On the Water
Features This Issue**
The Toledo Wooden Boat Show - Fern Ridge in May
36th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show
Small Reach Regatta - Three Generations on Deck
Short But Gallant Shakedown Voyage - Fond Memories of Favonian



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

The monthly small boat content that appears on our pages ranges far and wide over an apparently endless variety of experiences contributors seem to have with whatever their particular boats offer them. In this issue, arriving here “out of the blue” is a lengthy tale of derring do on a rather unique homebuilt craft, Angus Chaney’s “The Short But Gallant Shakedown Voyage of the *S.B. James Brown*.” It’s a long story (six plus pages beginning on Page 15) but a great read. In it Angus has included many of the experiences those launching their first home-built boat encounter, but all in one fell swoop and on an exaggerated scale.

The “S.B.” stands for “Sailing Barge,” once a familiar commercial vessel on Lake Champlain, where Angus’ adventure took place. A look at the photo of his 16’ creation led me to think of it as more of a “Shanty Boat.” Powered by a tiny electric trolling motor when the sun kept his two rooftop solar arrays charging his one 90ah battery, and the wind (or not) otherwise (the broad side of the cabin house made a better sail than the narrow ends, he found) he somehow negotiated maybe a couple of dozen miles of irregular coastline of bays, inlets, points, rocks, islets and marshes in a week long cruise with, at times, help from kindred souls ashore who saw what he was attempting and with just one rebuff from a marina which decided, upon viewing his craft, that his 16’ boat did not fit the 16’ dock space available.

Well, Angus tells his tale much better than I, this bit of a preview is by way of commenting upon the variety of experiences we all have with the variety of boats, often our own creations, that we utilize.

On our “You write to us about...” (Page 4) is a letter from reader Jim Wonnell who appears to have had a lifetime goal of building a lighter, better, faster windsurfer, beginning long ago when his son was 16 (and who is now 47) and after a series of setbacks from age related issues is now in an “old folks home” which will not let him have a boat. To get around this objection he has built a set of shelving that floats and is looking forward to an opportunity to splash this creation.

I have to admire the crew at Dave Lucas’ Tiki Hut who build some really impressive small boats for the challenge of so doing and

apparently, when done with them, find new owners who might be more interested in using them than in building them. In *Sweet Pea* on Page 46, Dave tells of one such craft, a newly built 18’ Fenwick Williams catboat sold to woman who just had to have it, with whom they “drove our usual hard bargain and made her take it for about the price of the sail and trailer” and even delivered it several hundred miles.

On Page 37 reader Jim Flood brings us up to date about some mods he made to his 14’ motor launch *Duchess* (which appeared on our March 2014 cover) which already sports a rather ornate topsides. This time the mods were “girdling” the hull 3” on each side at the waterline and adding a foot at the stern to improve stability. Just like that and done in just over a month. He was pleased with the results.

Hard to miss Dan Rogers up there in AlmostCanada, the time (and, it seems, cash also) he spends repurposing his boats is staggering, he apparently does little else but work on his projects (while concurrently photographing them and writing them up), except when he goes off on cruises in his creations to remote places hidden in the mountains of northeastern Washington and wonders where everybody is. His ad hoc approach to all of his projects, disdaining the established wisdom, sometimes doesn’t work out so well but he shrugs off the mistakes and failures and marches ahead to whatever is next on his ToDo List.

And then there is Gloria Burge and her ongoing *Dancing Chicken* project. I’ve heard some questions about just what is she up to as progress seems to be glacial (especially in winter snows in her Maine Woods camper/shop) as she attempts to come to grips with whatever challenges she has created in her unique approach to building what will (some day, one hopes) be her second boat. I kinda like the spirit of a 70ish woman living alone in a camper in the Maine woods attempting to build a boat her way in her living space. A page a month seems adequate to report on any progress.

Hope springs eternal for most of us, each with our own often quirky approach to messing about in boats. It has been my privilege now for 36 years to chronicle all of this for our mutual enjoyment and I see no end in sight.

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On the Cover...

According to Susanne’s count, we’ve published 528 “Phil Bolger & Friends on Design” columns since Phil first appeared on our pages late in the 1980s. A few of these many designs made it onto our cover but not too often. I really liked Susanne’s column this month featuring Phil’s “Glass House” styling’s Victorian appearance so here it is for your viewing pleasure. The full story is on pages 48 and 49.



Harold Burnham's Boatyard by Moonlight

Harking Back With Harvey

*"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
Images by Harvey Petersiel*

Shantyboat "Moonsail"





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Montauk Fall Festival

This family oriented community event takes place on Columbus Day weekend, October 6 and 7 on the Green in the center of downtown Montauk, Long Island, New York. Stop by our exhibit booth and take chances on winning the 2017 raffle boat, the Sunshine Tender.

East End Classic Boat Society, 301 Buff Rd, Amagansett, NY

Hudson River Maritime Museum Fall Classes

The popular "Foundations of Woodworking" series is returning this fall with "Understanding Wood" on the evening of Tuesday, October 9, "Woodworking Tools: Their Use and Care" on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, October 10 and 11, "Basic Hand Joinery" on the evenings of Tuesday through Friday, October 16-18 and "Machine, Tool and Shop Safety" on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, October 23 and 24. For more information on these classes and more or to register, please visit www.hrmm.org/all-classes or call (845) 338-0071 ext 16.

Also back by popular demand is the US Coast Guard certified Captain's License course taught by SeaTech Marine Training at the Hudson River Maritime Museum. Held over four consecutive weekends from October 20 to November 11, 2018, this class is \$600 and includes the certification exam and all materials. All students must be HRMM members at the Household level or above to register for this class. To register, please visit www.seatechmarinettraining.com/schedule.

Adventures & Experiences...

Old Age Accommodations

The work I am doing on my Compac 16 and 23 are old age accommodations. I'm reading Reese Palley's books on sailing into old age, sobering, but encouraging at the same time. In *There Be No Dragons* he declares the myths aren't real, backing it up with solid suggestions. Advice not lost as I move toward 80, continuing to sail in spite of some sight impairment that is helped by all caps, not computer shouting.

Both of Reese Palley's books, *There Be No Dragons* and *Call of the Ancient Mariner*, treat the theme of continuing to sail into the aging process of the 80s and 90s. He writes forcefully on sailing philosophy but also gives specific ways to make it happen. For example, his wife, realizing that a 46' boat was becoming too much for Reese to handle physically, suggested downsizing. Living within the boundaries of diminishment is key to the old man's boat. Choosing the size and

preparing the boat for safety and ease of sailing is key to not swallowing the anchor.

For Reese, having done a circumnavigation between 50 and 70, the trauma of giving up such a beloved boat was wrenching, but necessary. Personally, I'm starting to prepare the Compac 16 for handholds within arm's reach from bow to stern, including a center-line jackline rather than one running along the deck. Also, the modifications to the 16 are previews and a test bed of what I want to do with the 23. My bucket list includes the Dry Tortugas and many weeks in the Abacos.

Between my own preparations and hints from Reese, I could submit some ideas that perhaps would help readers extend sailing pleasure into the old age part of life. I'll start developing some themes. My first submission could be on the logic of bulwarks, including how to make boards curved to the shape of the boat and how to mount them securely.

We've had a bit of cooling here, prior it has been too hot to work in the pole barn. So I checked the bowsprit already made and ready for mounting. The 48" sprit is to get the jib out off the bow 27". Hutchins installed a 12" on a little bow platform in the mid '80s. Owner feedback suggested a fierce weather helm in elevated winds so my first forestay position is out substantially farther than their 12". What I plan is to test sail adjusting the forestay back and forth to balance the helm. Clark Mills, of Optimist dinghy fame, did the hull design, but Hutchins did the cabin, deck layout and mast placement, apparently not an ideal match on either the 16 or the 23, which has the same challenge.

The last time I rigged the Compac 23 took me the better part of a day ending in exhaustion. The 23 is trailerable, but by the definition of Bob Burgess it is too big to be a trailer sailer. Having the 23 on an impoundment lake for the season, with one put in and one take out is easy. Physical depletion of the ageing realities dictates that the 23 becomes a put and take proposition.

Ole Papa Larry Bracken, brackenld@aol.com

Opinions...

About Those Skills Being Lost

I greatly appreciated your Commentary in the August issue. Yes technology is certainly taking over life's tasks that in the past we were required to do. A wide variety of skills are certainly being lost. In addition to that occurrence, recent research is pointing out that the neglect of the decision making process involved in even minor tasks is affecting our ability to make larger, more important life decisions. We're simply being programmed to avoid decision making. It would be valuable if the results of such research were more widely publicized. We old guys at least will continue to exercise and hopefully improve our decision making skills.

Also in your August Commentary was reference to the Bolger/Payson contribution to the trend toward bypassing traditional boat building techniques. Payson's book, *Instant*

Boats, was published in 1979. We Americans, of course, tend to focus on things American. Nevertheless, the trend away from traditional boat building in England was probably well underway by that time. Dennis Davis' *The Book of Canoeing* was published a decade before in 1969. That book contains plans for the most "instant" of boats, the tortured plywood kayak, plans that only 17 years later ended up in a May/June 1986 *WoodenBoat* magazine article entitled "Building the DK 13 Kayak."

In terms of boat kits, Chesapeake Light Craft is legendary. It's interesting to note, however, that the English even beat us to the punch on those famous stitch and glue kits. A Brit woodworking school teacher, Ken Littlelydyke, designed wonderful stitch and glue kayaks that, in the 1960s and 70s, were produced by the Ottersports company in the south of England. I put together one of those kits. It was a marvelous touring kayak that I later regrettably sold in favor of a new fiberglass kayak. If you would be interested in seeing the Ottersports flyer obtained in about 1972, I'd be glad to send you a copy.

Stay well Bob. I so appreciate your work. Best wishes.

Arthur Strock, Belvidere, NJ

Projects...

Boats for the Old Folks' Home

Geriatric Windsurfer I: It was to nip at the heels of my son's windsurfer. He was 16, he is now 47! It was a Bolger's Thomaston Galley on a severe diet to get it down to 40lbs. It was recklessly overcanvassed with a choice of three sizes of windsurfer sails or a Bolger type dipping lug of 160sf cut from a 10'x20' blue tarp.

At that time the term "geriatric" was a joke. I was perfectly fit. But at age 80 I fell off a ladder and was given statins and steroids which were toxic to my genes. Then my wife had a heart attack so we had to sell our house in Florida quickly and move back to Ann Arbor, Michian, near the University of Michigan for her healthcare. Next came early Alzheimers so now we are in an old folks home. They don't want me to have a boat so I built a set of shelves which float, Geriatric Windsurfer II.

I rant and rave, yea, froth at the mouth, praising Tom Jones' books. They don't read like textbooks but they choose the right design, materials and construction features for different uses and report on the results, both good and bad. No other author does this nearly as well. His "Chingadera" in *New Plywood Boats* was my starting point but I am heavier at 180lbs and have less balance and my back does not like sitting flat on the bottom.

Contemplating my first attempt for use from this old folks home it weighed well over the target 40lbs so it has not seen water yet and holds musical instruments instead. Geriatric Windsurfer III will be lighter, the pieces are already cut out and will soon be put together.

Jim Wonnell, Saline, MI

They say the best stories come from bad experiences. Nobody ever wants to tell tales about grand times aboard the boat on those glorious summer days or those tranquil warm nights spent satellite watching under star filled skies during a gentle passage. Why is it that those desperate, grim, panicky moments in driving rain, cold wind or during thunderstorms prompt yet another sea story long after it's over during drinks below in the cabin with friends? Ah, remember that time in November? The deck leaks were terrible and it was about 30° and we had no heat. We taped up garbage bags to deflect the rain from our bunks, etc, etc.

Perhaps we recall the stories of disaster, discomfort and catastrophe because they are somehow instructive. Maybe it's useful to share that brief terror filled "Oh shit" moment as we looked up at a 10' breaker on the Mission Bay bar that popped up out of nowhere to loom over our little sloop. Steer into it with the five horse outboard and pray!

Might a cautionary tale about lack of preparation save someone else from a night like the one when I was alone at 1am and the wind began to whine in the rig and I was cruising solo and really, really tired and had another 25 miles to go as the seas began to build right on the nose. That was in late September and there was NOBODY out on the middle of Lake Ontario except me. I can't turn back and run for the deserted remote island astern. I have no food on board and I am supposed to be at work Monday. I have to get home.

Then there was the day we launched my old woodie and she was sinking and the electric pump on shore power cut out and I fell overboard during the bucket brigade and came up treading water in the harbor next to

Sea Stories and Lake Tales

By Susan Gateley

a really dead cat. That was memorable. And humiliating. There were witnesses. And so the sea stories go and grow as we each seek to top the other persons' stupidity.

So why do we laugh over our most embarrassing moments? Maybe we think it shows how we live large. Perhaps the emergencies that we successfully overcame make us look brave and courageous. But that time we ran aground because we didn't know about ebb tides? Or the troubleshooting session with my motor when I sat on the carburetor float and bent it beyond repair? Are such bloopers really that instructive and useful to others? Is this living large?

I really don't want to remember those intensely frightening times either. I can still see those huge gray waves breaking over the shoals off to the side of the dredged channel at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Man, I hope that 40-year-old Atomic Four keeps chugging.

But perhaps the recall of a terrifying run down onto a lee shore at breakneck speed with no harbor entrance in sight is part of the aging process. As the years pass astern I am becoming reconciled to the notion that my sailing skills have plateaued. I'm no longer becoming a better sailor. In fact, I think maybe I'm slipping a little. No, not maybe. I'm quite sure of it. So remembering those scary times allows me to scale back my sailing ambitions. We don't need to cross the Gulf Stream or take on the Atlantic or Cape Horn. Maybe it's OK to crawl the canal. We

should just putter around in the shallows. Oddly enough, after all my experiences afloat with squalls and close calls, I'm less brave than I used to be. I guess it's that thing about how there are bold airplane pilots and old ones but no old bold airplane pilots.

Recently I helped a friend rig his newly acquired engineless little schooner and take it out on its maiden voyage. We blundered off the mooring under main and headsail (after forgetting to tie off the dinghy) and I quickly found I had rigged the jib sheets so that they jammed up in the non swiveling blocks. I nearly went overboard scrambling forward on the newly varnished deck to rectify my error while the yacht went into irons. We were sailing backwards at a brisk clip headed right for a nearby dock as I fumbled my way back into the cockpit to back the jib to pay off and get her going forward again. It was not an exemplary demonstration of a departure under sail under the guidance of a master mariner of 50 years experience, though to my credit I did yell at the skipper to push the tiller the right way. I'm a bit chagrined at how little I've managed to learn about boat handling in 50 years!

We all have a self image and many of us find that limits our achievements. We convince ourselves, "I can't possibly do such and such." I suppose that's better than thinking that we can do something and getting ourselves killed in the process. But I don't want to take this caution thing too far! There is still that bow before me pointing the way to the channel, the open lake, the horizon beyond. There is still the exhilaration of the wind humming in her rig. Onward, the boat seems to say. Let's go out there. Let's see what lies around that next point. We are all on a voyage on life's uncertain seas and I still have miles to go.



Simply Messing About...

Photos from Dan Rogers

"Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."



The Toledo (Oregon) Wooden Boat Show was just about the best damn gathering I've been to in years, my fourth run down thaway out of the past five possible. Waaaay fewer DIY and restored woodies but there was a bunch a new kids on the block, nearly two dozen screeching steam whistles, all supported by the most lovely, shapely, seakindly hulls I've seen corralled in one place.



Smallish ones.



Bigger ones with roofs and windows.



Gages and levers and gears.

Surrey tops and who needs a top?



6 – *Messing About in Boats*, October 2018

The Toledo Wooden Boat Show

By Dan Rogers



Steam up and still cold iron.



Two by two by two.



And solo.



Ready for inspection.



Just arrived.



And getting ready.

Full dress ship.



From a former life.



Letting everybody know about it!



And, er, um, well, waiting for high water, tomorrow...

This year at Toledo we had steamboats and more steamboats, oil fired, wood fired, coal fired, even propane. Before the weekend was out this dock was lined by steamers. Jamie and I angled for a ride with the actual poster girl for this year's show. *Uno* is still floating and quite well, I hasten to add. She was built in 1908! The current skipper has had her for the past 40 years. Stephanie is a real live tug skipper by former profession.



I was mentioning that I had already towed *Miss Kathleen* around 4,000 road miles this year. So what, *Uno* has already travelled over 6,000. They go to gatherings and shows all over the place. I asked about the cruises and Stephanie set me straight. They don't actually go cruising so much as put their boats in the

water and steam them around. Then they retire to more civil accommodations. As she put it, their club is an eating society with a steam problem. Not all bad.

Uno does get around but the whole fleet took hundreds of people on likely their first steamboat rides.



This and all the Regular Toledo Stuff, too.



Families out rowing.

Just out looking around. And, as always, Jamie and I had our share of folks, lots of kids, come aboard *Miss Kathleen* for a look around and stories. Likely a first time for many and likely not the last!



And not only the steamers got underway with guest passengers. We were all busy. Toledo is just simply a happening thing.



Coot Row was filled with visitors, here the sun's just coming up and lots of happy boat talk.



And speaking of Coots, Andy Linn finally got some written recognition for all the work he's put in as a volunteer. Wayta go, Andrew!



The parking lot was full of boats on display and, as the sun got higher, lots and lots of visitors.



Every year I look for my old friend, Piling Man. He changes his hairdo every year but he has that same old grin.



And Toledo just wouldn't be Toledo without the cardboard boat races.





I guess you could say that some travelled in style while some were lucky to arrive at the finish.



And there was the inevitable collection of happy and not so happy craft at the close of competition.

But ya know what? Everybody who showed up, exhibitor, visitor, vendor, you name it, everybody will have a happy tale to tell. And the best of all, a reason to come back next year. See ya in Toledo!



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Here's a small gem of a boat show with a special outlook only six miles from here that I take in from time to time (not every year, sometimes other stuff comes up). It's special to me because the boats entered, while appropriate to its Antique & Classic nature, are not always museum pieces but more often old boats that have been lovingly saved and used for years by local families. Also special to me is that this vision which has driven the show for now 36 years is that of its founder Pat Wells, a wonderful woman with an enduring love for these old boats. She is still at it as Show Coordinator.

Here's her story from the show's website:

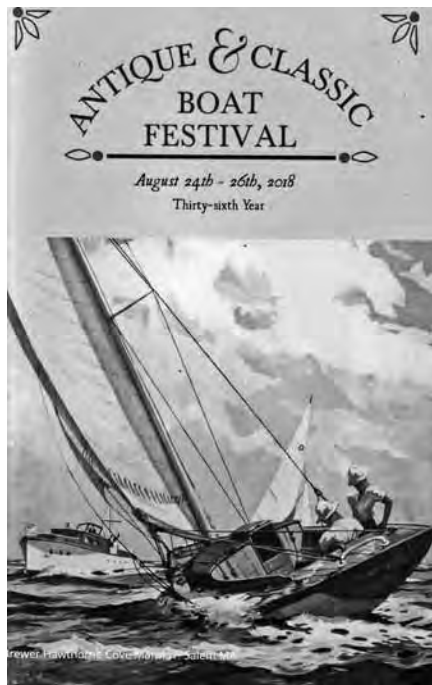
The festival was founded by Pat Wells of Somerville when she worked for a non-profit that was trying to revitalize Boston Harbor in the early 1980s. The event was held at several different sites around Boston and the South Shore before Wells traveled to Salem one day in 2001 to see if its harbor would be a good place to hold the show.

"I didn't even know about Hawthorne Cove Marina," she said. "It was a Sunday morning and there was a woman in a vintage dress playing a harp on the deck." That woman was Nina Vickers, wife of marina owner Russ Vickers, and she often played harp for slip holders while they sipped coffee in the morning, Wells said. That seemed like a good omen for a festival that features historic boats and it has been held here ever since.

"We have had it mostly at the end of August," Wells said. "Part of the reason is, with these wooden boats, owners don't get them into the water early in season because they have so much work to do."

36th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show Salem, Massachusetts

By Bob Hicks



And here's the pitch for participating in/ or attending the show:

"The flash of polished bronze and gleam of varnished wood across the water will be the order of the day as elegant antique and classic yachts sail into the host city of Salem, Massachusetts, for the 36th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival August 25-26, 2018. Mostly wood, primarily private yachts and aesthetically stunning, the vessels will be on display to the public over the weekend at Hawthorne Cove Marina.

A hallmark of the Festival is the great variety of craft exhibited. "Where else," says Pat Wells, Coordinator, "can one see 1900s-'60s motor yachts, mahogany speedboats, sloops, yawls, schooners and a 19th century gold leaf canoe! Although many of these craft are museum quality, they are real boats in the water and in use by their owners today."

To the delight of the public, some skippers sport vintage garb, others display period décor or play a few tunes. Table settings and captivating floral arrangements might be found aboard a boat. Welcome mats are in evidence and children, pets and parrots have been known to enliven the scene. Many hospitable owners invite the public aboard for a personal tour, regaling visitors with tales of their boat's history, memorable voyages and the joys and woes of restoring their classic. A crafts fair, artists, old time band music, children's activities and a Blessing of the Fleet round out this popular event."

This year I went over early on Sunday morning before the public got onto the narrow dock to get a look at what was on offer. Aware of Pat's enthusiasm for what these boats meant to their owners I photographed a random selection that best fit our outlook here at *MAIB* to show you, in many cases supported by the owners' own comments about their boats.



Annie B.

Town Class Racing Sailboat
Sloop Rig, Wood Lapstrake
16'6"x5'9.5"x 7"-24"

Designed by Marcus C. Lowell
in Amesbury, Massachusetts in 1932

Built by Pert Lowell Co,
Newbury, Massachusetts in 1935
Owner Bart Snow,

Marblehead, Massachusetts
Acquired 2012

I found *Annie B* on craigslist and the previous owner gave her to me for taking her out of his yard in Assonet, Massachusetts. I took several friends to get her and they all told me to make a planter. You could put your hand through the transom.

The builder, the Pert Lowell Co, Inc in Newbury, Massachusetts, replaced the centerboard trunk and transom as well as installing all new ribs. I did the finish work over a 4 year period, launched her in 2016 and race her regularly in Marblehead. Most recently on August 4 and 5, I placed fifth in the Townie National Championship held in Marblehead.

My father bought our first Townie in 1953 and I started racing in 1954. I was the first National Champion in 1962. I raced off and on throughout my lifetime and currently race the boat I am showing. I currently own six Townies in various stages of repair. I use them to promote the class and racing in Marblehead.



Bob

Friendship's Jolly Boat

18' Reproduction of an 1800s Jolly Boat. Built by Salem Shipwright volunteers in Salem in 2000 for the National Park Service's 1800 replica tea clipper *Friendship*.



Defiant

Concordia Sloop Boat, Gaff Rigged
17'8"x6'x30"

Designed by Pete Culler in 1958
Built by The Landing School, Maine, in 1983
Carvel Planked Cedar on Oak
Owned by Jonathan J. Margolis,
Brookline, Massachusetts
Acquired in 2004

Defiant is a modified Concordia Sloop Boat (modified in that her beam was increased by the builder from the original 5' to 6', making her much less tender). In her original form she was designed by Pete Culler for Waldo Howland, better known as the father of the Concordia Yawl.

About 1958, just as fiberglass was flooding the world, Waldo Howland decided that the time was ripe for a new wooden daysailer and he turned to Culler who asserted that the design was based on fishing boats such as the Scituate and Kingston lobster boats, some have questioned this given her original narrow beam. The Sloop Boat (a term used for a variety of working craft in 18th and 19th century New England) turned out to be the predecessor of Culler's larger Buzzard's Bay Boat.



Gone With The Wind

1965 Thistle 17' Racing Dinghy
Designed in 1945 by Gordon Sandy Douglas
Built by Douglas & McLeod
Owned by Ernest Ashley,
Wenham, Massachusetts
Acquired 1985

Cold molded mahogany, 17' LOA, 6' Beam, Draft board up/down 6"/4" 6". A one-design racing dinghy. Learn more details from the Thistle Class Association. Acquired in 1985 in Springfield, Missouri, restored in Tulsa, Oklahoma and Wenham, Massachusetts. Last raced in 1995 Gloucester Schooner Festival Classic Race, taking first place. Family vessel for 33 years sailing out of Essex, Massachusetts, and Salem, Massachusetts.



Gremlin

1942 US Navy 26' Motor Whaleboat
Built by Portsmouth Naval Shipyard
Owned by Kathleen and Ray Anderson
Rowley, Massachusetts



Kade

1949 Crocker Flush Deck Cutter
30' .5"x9' .5"x4'9" Carvel Planked
Designed by Sam Crocker in 1944
Built by Sturgis Crocker in 1949
Owned by Stan Judge,
Shelburne, New Hampshire
Acquired 1972

Kade, formerly *Old Butch*, was designed by Sam Crocker in 1944 to meet post WWII demand for a capable, easily constructed, and therefore low cost, sailboat. Francis Welch (a member of the Cruising Club of America) commissioned her to be built in 1949.

Sam Crocker's son, Sturgis Crocker, built her in his Crocker's Boatyard in Manchester, Massachusetts, which has been her homeport most of her life. Mr Welch extensively cruised the Maine and southern New England coastlines in her between 1950 and 1971.

Stan Judge and his brother Chester purchased *Kade* in 1972 and since then she has sailed out of Manchester, Massachusetts, in waters from Massachusetts Bay to Vineyard Sound and Rhode Island. She has wintered over at Crocker's.

Following a major refit in Shelburne, New Hampshire, including replacement of her frames, the deadwood and some floors, and major deck restoration, *Kade* is now sailing out of Salem, Massachusetts.



Kanin

Lapstrake Gaff Rigged Sail/Rowboat
17'1/2"x5'x8"-1'

Design: Bindal Faering Nordland
Built by A. Vollan & Sonner,
Bindalseidet, Norway in 1960s
Owner Ryan Flynn, Rockport, Massachusetts
Acquired 2011

Kanin is a Bindal Faering Nordland boat, Faering meaning it has two rowing stations. We named the boat *Kanin* after the Norse god of cute and fluffy rabbits. She's lapstrake construction with five strakes per side with copper rivets throughout and solid wood frames. I believe she is made of spruce.

The exact year this boat was built is unknown but she is believed to have been built in the early 1960s. As the story goes, a member of the Rockefeller family bought her while on a family vacation in Norway and had her shipped to the Camden, Maine, area. Years later she was given to a family in Boothbay, Maine.

I bought *Kanin* at auction in Thomaston, Maine, in 2011. When I got the boat I was told she had spent the last eight years in a barn. Having never met the original owners I am left with many questions about the boat.

I stripped and sanded the boat inside and out, repaired a few split planks and bunged a number of knots below the waterline. I then refinished her with Deks Olje oil and varnish and painted her with traditional colors.

There is a lot of room in the boat. Two people can row without getting in each other's way. There is a Captain's Chair at the stern where the two sides of the boat meet, allowing for a coxswain to steer using a removable rudder. There are four 9' wooden

oars and the oarlocks were hand carved from bent tree branches. There is no centerboard, a 5" keel runs the full length of the boat.

Based on the position of original chain plates and a handful of old photos I built a mast step and decided to go with a traditional gaff rig with a jib. I have made several rope fenders, beach chairs and a traditional canvas bucket for the boat. The boat is kept on a trailer and I take advantage of all the public boat ramps around Cape Ann.



Lewis H. Story

1998 38' Chebacco Boat
Built by Harold Burnham,
Essex, Massachusetts
Owned by the Essex Shipbuilding Museum



Lilly-Bee

19'6" Sharpie

Built by Vernon Vrana Richmond, Virginia
Owned by Tim Jenkins, Salem, Massachusetts
Acquired 2010

Lilly-Bee was designed and built by Vernon Vrana of Richmond, Virginia. I am the second owner. She was built in 2004 using marine plywood and fiberglass. Interestingly, she was built in Mr Vrana's dining room. She is flat bottomed and 19'6" overall length, her beam is 4' and she draws 4'6" with the centerboard down. The rig is an unstayed two masted wishbone style.

Sharpies were first developed in New Haven, Connecticut, in the mid 19th century, likely based on Native American dugouts that were used to work oyster beds. As sharpies are well suited to shallow waters and were cheap and easy to build, the design eventually spread down the east coast to the Chesapeake Bay area since they were well suited to the bay area fisheries. Appropriately, this is also where *Lilly-Bee's* first owner sailed her.

We have found her the perfect boat for shallow lakes and similar bodies of water.



Little Gremlin

1940 Marblehead B Class
12' Sailing Dinghy
Built by Graves Yachtyard
Marblehead, Massachusetts
Owned by Kathleen and Ray Anderson
Rowley, Massachusetts



Pogo

Atkins 34' Seabright Skiff
Built by John Allen, Pemaquid, Maine, in 2003
Owned by Scot Arthur, Groton, Massachusetts

Pogo was built for the builder's use. *Pogo* took over seven years to construct and due to poor health, the builder was only able to use her for a couple of years.

The boat has a flat bottom and is able to be run up on a beach for fun or repairs. No cradle is needed during winter storage as *Pogo* can rest comfortably on her bottom.



Polaris

2017 Reconstruction of 37' Viking Age
Fishing Boat
Built by Jay Smith, Aspoya Boats,
Anacortes, Washington
Owned by Stuart Boyd/Norsvald
Beverly, Massachusetts



Seraffyn of Victoria

24' Lyle Hess Cutter
Built by Lin and Larry Pardey in Newport Beach, California, cult boat for engine-less sailors, round the world cruise w/o engine in 1970s. Owned by George and Pam Dow, Marshfield, Massachusetts.



Tabby

18' Cape Cod Catboat
1946 Design by Fenwick Williams
Built by Seth Persson, Essex, Connecticut
Owned by Philip Carling,
Hingham, Massachusetts



Udforsk Havene

2017 Replica of *Centennial*, 25' Trans
Atlantic Sailing Dory of 1876
Built by Daniel Noyes,
Newbury, Massachusetts
Owned by Builder



Wolverine

1952 Wagemaker Wolverine Model 3
Deluxe Runabout

Built by Wagemaker
in Grand Rapids Michigan
Owner Ted Chisholm,
Medford, Massachusetts

Acquired 2015 from original owner's estate,
she sat in a barn for decades in
Barre, Massachusetts

Many antique and classic boats are "restored" to the point that 95% of what you see are new wood creations from the old patterns. *Wolverine* is 95% original with the only additions being the seat backs and cushions.

The current owner has completed the following projects on *Wolverine*:

"Wolverine" varnish and bottom paint were stripped and reapplied.

Windshield rubber was cleaned and bleached.

Seat backs were made to original specs and cushions made.

Several pieces were rechromed. Horn and bow light simply needed cleaning.

1957 35hp Evinrude received TLC from Boats & Motors of Wakefield, Massachusetts.

Cost of the project vs a day on the water with *Wolverine*...priceless.

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Small Reach Regatta

July 27, 2018, Pond Island, Blue Hill Bay, Maine

By Richard Honan

What a beautiful day, a little mysterious sailing in the fog on the way over but it blossomed into a gorgeous summer day. Just over 60 boats on the beach, crews and skippers on the beach enjoying lunch and exchanging stories of the morning's sail over in zero visibility. My Melonseed, *Proud Mary 2*, is on the mooring just above brother Bill's head. My friend, Garry Sherman, the owner and skipper of *UNA*, along with brother Steve had just arrived on the island.





Sailors representing three generations sailed *Centennial II*, a copy of a 20' Gloucester dory that fisherman Alfred Johnson sailed solo across the Atlantic in 1876, to celebrate the country's 100th birthday. Accomplished sailors, boat builder Daniel Noyes of Newbury and Michael Long of Portland, and the old Closeteer, a lifelong water lover, made up the *Centennial II*'s crew. Michael, 22, Dan, 44 and the Closeteer, 85, spent two fine days on the deck of Dan's replica sailing in and out of the fog on the beautiful waters of Jericho Bay off Eggemoggin Reach among the islands between Acadia National Park and Penobscot Bay.

The *Centennial II* was launched on the Fourth of July last year. Built by Dan, the handsome dory of pine planks on oak frames, sloop rigged with 600lbs of ballast, sailed well along with about 60 other small craft gathered for the Traditional Small Craft Association's annual regatta out of Brooklin, Maine. Nights were spent in a nearby campground among spruce growing from thin soils perched on ancient ledge. The pretty boats were moored in a bay called Haven Brooklin. Motor launches took crews out to them each morning.

About 100 souls, age 8 to mid 80s, attended the event. Ninety percent of the talk between the many boat nuts was about the details of small vessel construction and their boats' sailing characteristics. "Nuts" is unfair and doesn't do justice to a subject that spans millennia in which a mammoth jargon has arisen. The Closeteer, a rower of dories, spent much time asking, "What does that mean? Explain." Ten years ago he'd have kept his mouth shut not wanting to look like a greenhorn. Old age is a blessing in a way. Wanting to understand trumps ego.

Dan and Michael patiently tried to explain the differences between lugs, sprits, yawls, ketches, etc. etc. They didn't always succeed. In a discussion with an old guru of boat terminology, maritime museum curator and scholar Ben Fuller, the questions of "wherries" came up. Ben, a crackerjack teacher, tried his damndest to describe vessels called wherries. The Closeteer never quite got it. Many definitions involve the history of where and when the words were used. At one point Ben said the many fishing weirs of old were tended by wherries. Dan wryly suggested that weir might be the origin of the word wherry. Fuller wouldn't buy it but he and all of us chuckled at Dan's play on words. This is an example of how the conversations went from morning to night. At sea the talk shifted to weather and the sailing qualities of the boats, many built by their owners.

The Closeteer, who has messed about in boats since a boy and who later served on Navy ships, has never been much of a sailor although as lads he and a friend built a sloop



Three Generations on Deck

by Pike Messenger

Reprinted from *The Water Closet*
Newsletter of the Middleton Stream Team

rig with leeboard for a skiff. His eyes at sea were too much on the scenery and wildlife and not enough on sail and rudder. Daydreaming was a factor, too. He'd come up too high and lose the wind or fall off and lose the tack. Dan and Michael, long time sailors, seemed able to enjoy the views and to watch and feel the sails and tiller at the same time. They gently advised the old novice when things weren't going right as he manned sheet and tiller. No marlinspikes or rope's end were used on him during training. His instructors were not British man-o-war types. When things were going smoothly Dan would speculate on how to improve rigging and trim. Michael would pull out his ever handy Patrick O'Brian novel and sink into its salty yarns. He didn't sink far, a quiet word from Captain Dan or a feel of change in sailing had him back into the 21st century with the boat.

In long stretches of quiet while sailing the Closeteer would ponder and inquire about the many variables involved. No wonder serious sailors are endlessly fascinated by their pastime. They must know something of weather, tides, currents, waves, depths, charts, winds, temperature, fog and sea bottom types, in addition to the characteristics of their vessels. In the last half century add to this list the use of electronic devices.

Centennial II on starboard tack off Brooklin, Maine. Builder owner Daniel Noyes is waving. Michael Long is at tiller. The old Closeteer is lying down tending sheet. This 20' decked over dory is a copy of one that sailed across the Atlantic on the country's 100th birthday in 1876. (Courtesy of Daniel Noyes)



If the old fashioned Closeteer had his way he'd foolishly do without the latter. GPS positioning for him takes the fun out of navigation. He, as onetime ship's navigator, likes to tell tales of coastal piloting, dead reckoning and star fixes with sextant and chronometer. The techies have carried navigation to a new level he hasn't reached.

On shore without cell phone, GPS or chart the Closeteer decided to hike around the perimeter of lovely Pond Island from a beach where the fleet was picnicking. He figured that with fair footing between the upper wrack line and the exposed seaweed at half tide he'd make it in an hour, plenty of time to return to the resting sailors. Counterclockwise he circled carefully on stretches of ledges punctuated by stony beaches. Alone in the clear air with the sounds of cold clean water lapping on the shore, below lush vegetation above the tides, he was more than content. Happily he found no manmade trash except for occasional lobster buoys that had escaped in storms.

The great wonders of what turned out to be the three mile, one-and-a-half hour hike, up down and around sea polished stones, were the stones' diversity and beauty. Many seemed to have been sculpted by Jackson Pollock types working over hundreds of millions of years with the help of high temperatures and pressures. From the twists and turns in their products geologists would call them metamorphosed rocks. For moments the Closeteer imagined himself very wealthy and could afford to load the most interesting stones onto a barge and haul them ashore for placement around his mansion and in a friend's funky rock garden.

He wisely discarded such selfish thoughts as he called his friend's attention to favorites finds. She was not there. He'd just have to tell her about them or, better still, row out with her in calm seas to see. He was glad he didn't have a camera. Sitting on a couch pointing out photos without the smells of seaweed and the sounds of waves just wouldn't do.

He did return with images in his head not to be forgotten. Tired old legs faithfully had held out, feet hadn't slipped. He rounded the island and regained the beach where Captain Dan and Michael were patiently waiting in *Centennial II*. The rest of the fleet had gone. On the sail home to the mooring the mountains of Arcadia were admired above a bank of low fog. Sailing lessons resumed but at a slower pace. All seemed right with the world after a week without radio, TV or newspapers. The ghost of Alfred Johnson rose up from the cargo hold and sat silently among the Yankees of three generations on the handsome copy of his boat. He who had sailed *Centennial I* across the Atlantic alone for 67 days was happy to have company.



Fern Ridge in May

By Dan Rogers

In late spring I spent five days and towed *Lady Bug* a bit over a thousand road miles just so we could attend a multi day picnic, and I never got around to packing a picnic lunch. The group at that picnic is led and organized by a guy who advertises that the group has no leader nor organization. People join if they feel they should. They have some rather conflicting aims and proclivities and nobody pays any dues nor obeys any rules. My kinda group! Yours, too?

Some might say this odd group of Old Guys have gone back to being adventurous, easy to entertain BOYS. Most of them would reply, "I never left!" The common glue holding them together is an interest in boats. Some build 'em and then find another home for 'em. Some build floating pieces of fine furniture and lovingly put their creation to the use God intended. Some are happy to just show up and add to the mix. Quite a group. This year we even had several ladies show up for the fun and companionship. But mostly greybeards and puppies, boatdogs all.

Basically this picnic goes on for two or three days, depends upon what you count. Who you count, too. "Who," as in which boats and how they got there. This gathering, in a secluded cove, is about the gettin' there. There's a lot of stylin' going on. Collectively there's years of work and dreams that goes into each and every one of these happenings.

I'm quite certain that's one of the biggest draws, the opportunity to show off your Little Girls. It's a bit of a procession. I'm pretty sure *Lady Bug* was happy to join in the fun even though, John was right, we couldn't quite beach at the Picnic Park, er, beach. Almost though.

Just about nonstop discussions of EVERYTHING. "Did I ever tell ya about the time that I...?" "Well, listen up, this REALLY happened..." "Yeah, but that's not the way I heard it..."

Yep, just a bunch of really adventurous Old Guys being the boys they always were. No rules, no prizes, no dues. You really should join us. Be a COOT.



Part I - Sunday, August 12, 2018 Assembly

Devon arrived early, before I had shoes on. We spent the next few hours pulling apart the contraption in my driveway with screw guns and socket wrenches. Neither of us had eaten, so when it was all loaded in the rented 15' truck, I made eggs, toast and another pot of coffee for a celebratory breakfast. It was Sunday, the 12th of August, launch day, and he'd come through to help with the heavy work before heading to a painting gig.

Drove up U.S. 7 to Vergennes in the early afternoon. The sky was overcast as we pulled into the park below the falls so the access ramp would be less busy with folks launching from trailers. Molly and I began unloading lighter stuff from the truck and car. Ethan zoomed into the parking lot a few minutes later bearing unlimited energy and gusto, bellowing out: "America!" at odd intervals and firing ice cream sandwiches at us through his passenger window. Things were coming together on schedule.

A light rain began to fall and we defied it with bigger smiles, shouting louder, bullying the heavy spruce frames around harder. You can't fret about a bloody boat getting wet. We were set up at the bottom of the boat ramp, half in, half out of the water. Ethan volunteered for the low, muddy end of the job, wading to his waist in some murky-ass creek water to secure the 55 gallon barrels to the rectangular frame. He has good mechanical sense and didn't need direction.

My in-laws arrived to see it come together. They're curious about the design given weather they've witnessed on Lake Champlain. Another full car with family visiting from Chicago pulls up. Between relatives, friends and locals using the park, there was a good deal of interest in the project at the foot of the ramp. Our awesome kids arrived, driving up from their summer jobs. They've witnessed the whole mad progression, from me reading *Huckleberry Finn* with them when they were studying it in school, to the scribbled drawings, the obsession with maps and marine electrical wiring, the mess that our porch and yard and dining room have become in the design and construction phase.

When he overheard us searching for one of the $\frac{9}{16}$ " sockets, my father-in-law got a set of tools from his truck that he's had since he was a teenager. To bolt the two halves of the main frame together, we used an antique socket wrench that felt so much more substantial and reliable than anything you can find now. With a little crowd gathering, Ethan parked his rig closer to the water and got music going.

Devon shows up again, coming straight from the painting job. This makes his second shift that day and it's good timing as we're just standing and bracing the frame of the cabin. At work, people tend to overuse the word "team," but it's a rare treat to be part of a small, smart, hard-working group that grasps the goal and intuitively knows what needs to happen. We can talk about other things and the work begins to get a rhythm to it. The hours pass easy and each time we turn around a ton of progress has been made. As we joke, slide wrenches across decking boards to each other, eat soggy ice cream sandwiches and drink warm seltzer, a little 16' boat is taking shape beside the creek.

The Short But Gallant Shakedown Voyage of the *S.B. James Brown*

By Angus Chaney



The Art of the Bowline

The boat is an amalgam, cobbled together with parts scavenged from across western Vermont. Ethan claims to have researched sailing barges and says mine resembles most closely the variety favored by the French. Flotation is eight recycled 55 gallon drums found in Bristol that once held canola oil. The spruce timbers, pine decking and plywood for the walls and roof came from the lumber yard in East Middlebury, along with ratchet straps that hold the barrels and a fat roll of Tytar tape to cover seams. Galvanized lag bolts, epoxy coated decking screws and a lot of other hardware I got from Winnie at the Aubuchon's in Brandon. The rolls of #16 gauge wire, switches, fuses, heat shrink couplings and connectors all came from the local auto parts store. For the battery, anchor, and lights, we bit the bullet and drove to the marine supply place in Burlington. The two solar panels had the longest journey, arriving a week apart in big cardboard boxes from somewhere far, far way, ...like Star Wars far away.

Once the roof is on, the mast stepped and a wee trolling motor attached to the spruce bracket, I start bringing gear, food and tools on board. Ethan stops me, demanding to see if I can tie a bowline. It's getting dark and I tell him I don't have time. He blocks my way and insists. I stop and try. It's pathetic. It's been too many years. Devon tries something which looks sharp at first, but one tug and it twists into some species of Mormon Country desert hitch that has never seen the ocean. Ethan feigns serious and didactic now, slowly instructing us idiots how to tie one. The rabbit comes up through the hole, circles the tree, dives back down. I nod.

As people came and went during the afternoon and evening, Molly had been the constant, moving gear, finding lost tools, keeping us fed, helping with whatever was needed. As I was getting ready to go, she smiled pretty and asked for a quick spin around the pool below the falls. Considering everything she's put up with over the last few weeks, some would say the past 20 years, this seems a reasonable request. It was close to dark now. I gave her the one life jacket and everyone helped nudge us off the bank and into the creek.

It Floats!

The barrels buoy us up. Shannon, my sister-in-law, cheers. I tilt the toylike trolling motor down into the water on its hinged bracket, twist the control forward and miraculously it hums. Battery, motor, fuses and wiring, all working. The water roils gently behind the transom and the *S.B. James Brown* pulls forward ...very slowly. Molly makes some reference to the film *Date Night*, with its low-speed boat chase in Central Park and asks if I can get her back to shore by morning. When I look back at our friends I understand.

Though we're traveling forward relative to the surface, we're drifting downstream in relation to the shore. Giving it more throttle, I feel a squelchy resistance. I raise the motor quickly, clear weeds out of the prop, then lower it and slowly crawl back upstream, avoiding the heavier weed patches and strongest currents. The triple falls on the creek are beautiful now, lit by powerful lights that gradually change color. We aim for a spot upstream from the ramp, then cut the motor and let it drift gently back into position where Ethan and Devon catch the line and pull us in.

Back on shore, I hug everyone goodbye. It feels different when I don't know exactly where I'm bound for or when I'll be back. These people all mean so much to me. They're busy with work and family and mad projects of their own and they've zapped an entire Sunday, hanging out in the rain and missing meals, to keep some lunatic's dream afloat. I'm indebted to this crew.

As I'm deciding what gear to leave, Devon suggests bringing the screw gun, caulking gun and silicone. Ethan gives me his 18volt battery for the drill which has more charge left than mine. Shannon hands me a restaurant to-go box with a fantastic looking cheeseburger and salad. Like some mystic Greek oracle, Ethan makes me accept a galvanized cleat, an extra flashlight and a brace of warm pomegranate seltzer for the journey.

It's dark and I haven't had time to wire the navigation lights. Also I don't have the rudder finished or the sail rig completely ironed out. The battery is at half charge and I don't want this gang to witness the motor fizzle and die so I get the old 7' oar from under the cabin to push off from shore. I paddle slowly into the creek. The people at the boat ramp are smaller each time I look back. I can't make out individuals anymore among the silhouettes. Can still hear them talking. Shannon warning of pirates or something, but soon their voices, too, recede into the night. In the dark, the falls seem louder. The little voyage has begun.

Part II - Monday The Three Jacques

Without running lights or a moon, I didn't want to travel far in the dark. I was looking to find a sturdy tree near the bank and tie off until morning. Slow going with the oar. The boat is stable and in no rush to get anywhere. Ahead, I begin to see a few boats tied to the far shore. Curious, I push for that.

Figures were gathered on a dock speaking in French. I hailed them and got a friendly response in English with Quebecois accent. I ask about docking; was there space; how much it cost. (I've no idea how this stuff works.) They implied it was pretty low-key and heartily encouraged me to land. They watched, intrigued, as I rowed in with the

oar and landed gently between two large sailboats. One of them took the bow rope and I tied bow and stern to heavy cleats on the twisted dock. The other skippers were welcoming, interested in the adventure. Docking here was free for 48 hours. There was no one to check in with, no paperwork. I loved it. The place had a relaxed feel with none of the snobbery I'd imagined.

And, Mon Dieu!, this was a great group of guys, all from ports in Canada, mostly around Montreal and Quebec City. The first gentleman, in the slip behind me, was Jacques. The second, on the other side, also Jacques. I forget the name of the third, but not Jacques. The women they were with were friendly but stayed on their boats, so it was mostly guys gathered in the dark, orienting me to the area.

Put things in order, cleaned up, then ate that delicious cheeseburger and salad by headlamp. Unpacked my sleeping bag from the fancy new dry bag a friend at work had given me. Was weary from a series of long days but exhilarated to be camping for the first night on my little homemade boat. The river rocks her gently as I lay on the narrow bunk and look out through the Lexan windows at the lights of nearby boats. This is home for a while.

Unexpected Pleasures of Marine Wiring

In the morning, I unboxed the two 100 watt solar panels and mounted those on the cabin roof. They're the sort designed for land or an RV; heavier, with a rigid aluminum frame, as opposed to the light, foldable, waterproof variety marketed to boaters. When those were secure, I dug out the crimper, stripper, cable cutter and bags of different colored fasteners to wire the boat.

The cables from the solar panels run down through four 7/8" holes in the roof. The panels are wired in parallel, teeing into waterproof connectors before going into a charge regulator mounted just inside the cabin door. The regulator charges a 90amp, lead acid, deep cycle marine battery. The regulator is a key player, think of it as a point guard or brain, as it keeps the battery from overheating and splitting open when the sun is at it's max.

Off of the battery I'm running a 55lb thrust trolling motor that peaks out at 50 amps, and feeding a small fused panel with circuits for a single cabin light and my running lights. The lights are LED, plenty bright and draw very little amperage. All the negative leads come back to the battery via a negative buss bar. It's a 12volt system to keep weight down. In a perfect world, I'd have more and bigger batteries, maybe six or eight 105amp batteries wired in unison and series for a 24volt system with a lot of storage for cloudy days. But that much battery would weigh 350lbs to 500lbs and cost over \$2,000. Then I'd probably want more panels, a bigger motor, some gadgets like an inverter. Soon I've got something too valuable and heavy to risk on the water. I keep it simple, light, cheap.

Stooped low in the tiny cabin, I did all the wiring to marine code. There's wire in #16, #10 and #8 gauges. All connections and terminals have waterproof couplings. Every circuit is protected with standard ATC fuses or the larger maxi fuses where amperage demands it. Ran the circuits for the lights through automotive toggle switches. Even added drip loops to keep water from fol-

lowing cables down into sensitive areas and causing shorts. This was slow work for me, especially using a cigarette lighter to finish the heat shrink couplings, but when I put the fuses in and flipped the switches, I was proud as hell of the gorgeous, tangled mess. It actually works. I took pictures for posterity and tidied up all the wiring with zip ties anchored to ceiling and walls.

Around this time, I meet Matt from Vergennes. Matt was cleaning up around the city dock and came over when he was done to chat. Looking at the little boat, he was clearly transported to some adventure he'd had as a teenager or young man. "You'll have a lot of fun," he said, thoughtfully. He seemed to get the philosophy of traveling light and diving in to see how things worked. We agreed the river would be good, and if the main lake was too much, just stick to the bays: Kingsland; explore up the Little Otter. He knew a ton about the city, the river, the lake, the local history, and I could tell by the way he spoke that he'd been on voyages of his own, but he didn't boast, lecture, or push advice unless I asked. Great guy. I'll have to go back and say hi to Matt, let him know how the shakedown goes.

Within a few hours of being neighbors on the dock, I'd also gotten to like the second Jacques. Their boat had an intricate First Nation design on the bow and I asked about the significance. It was a stylized Orca, the name of their sailboat. Jacques is funny, with a sparkling intelligence. Reminds me of an eccentric stage actor. Would make a good Prospero from *The Tempest*. I ask if he really used heat-shrink waterproof couplings on everything as marine code requires.

"No comment!" he answered defiantly, then laughed. He pointed out all the things on *Orca* that weren't yet done. "You're never done; never entirely ready. You're always working on it." This was encouraging. We talked about how boats force us to think differently about time and deadlines. It's not procrastination, but an acceptance that we can't control the when of everything the way we do on land.

"Do you know the most dangerous piece of equipment on a boat?" Jacques asked, rhetorically, "It's the ship's calendar. It causes more wrecks than anything. Someone has to be in such and such a place by such and such a date, and the weather isn't quite right, the ship's not quite ready, but they go, and boom!"

I walked into town for last-minute errands, including toothpaste and a notebook for a ship's log. There's a big civil engineering project going on below the falls; construction workers twisting rebar and using cutting torches; heavy generators blowing exhaust; and a massive crane that would have been handy on launch day.

Were you wondering about the other Jacques? I met the third this afternoon. Jacques and Sylvie arrived in style on a beautiful Nordic Tug, homeport Montreal. This was the jewel of the dock. Lots of fine woodwork. Even their little wooden dinghy suspended by davits at the stern was a head-turner. It seemed, if I hollered "Jacques" half the people in this community would turn round with a "Oui."

Part III - Tuesday ...It Leaks

It rained hard last night. I awoke at some point after midnight to a wet sleeping bag and sounds of dripping. I found the headlight and

searched the cabin to locate all the leaks. I arranged pieces from the mess kit strategically to catch the water. I moved things that shouldn't get wet to higher ground and let the rest be 'til morning. Ah, well. What's better than a good rain to learn where the leaks are?

Down a Creek

In the morning, was glad to have the Tytar tape, the silicone and the caulking gun. I found the culprit leaks and sealed those from the outside, then re-taped the seams between the three sections of plywood which form the roof. I ran a thick bead of silicone around the perimeter where it meets the thin 5/4" fascia. Forgive all these house terms. I'm sure any real shipwright is cringing here. I still had plenty of Tytar, so I taped the seams on the walls. The boat looks a bit like a Mondrian canvas now, a series of white rectangles set off by the grey tape, everything intersecting at 90° angles.

The weather looks far better today. For the first time in weeks I feel things coming together. You pay your dues, and I've been paying in blood, sweat and cash for a month trying to pull loose ends together. But now, following a night of rain that woke me with a wet sleeping bag, there's an optimism, a clarity. I re-did my dock lines, improvised some fenders from the foam sheets that came with the solar panels and strengthened the anchor set up using Ethan's galvanized cleat. I pushed off from the dock around noon. Light winds, 5 knots from SSE, perfect for exploring down the river, which runs northwest to the lake.

The water is low this year. Otter Creek feels narrow when passing other boats but the channel is plenty deep for the *James Brown* and trees grow close to the edge providing good shelter from the wind. I enjoy piloting the sinuous turns and observing the wildlife. This is the quietest boat I've ever been on. I can hear every little bird, every fish jump, even the faint plish made by the tiniest *Chrysemys picta*, or painted turtle, as it slips off a sunny log.

A heron flies on ahead down the river, lands in the shallows near the bank, takes flight again as the boat nears. Men fish beneath the bridge at the mouth of Dead Creek where the water flows in paler and muddier than the dark waters of the main river. An otter swims alongside to check things out, dives under the boat and re-emerges, heading for the opposite bank.

The sky made threats most of the afternoon but nothing came of it. The sun even appeared and both panels were fully charging for a bit. Ran the motor between 50% and 60%. So quiet. At that rate, with almost no wind, the boat moves a little slower than walking speed, okay a lot slower. I only went to 75% power a few times. Good to save something for special occasions. Battery starts to drain fast when I push the motor above 60%, particularly when it's overcast. I take a strange pleasure in checking and interpreting the various lights which indicate battery level and PV charge activity. With no sail rig set up yet, and only one oar, these represent the patient's vital signs.

Some massive cumulonimbus lift up over New York and push closer, then dissolve into a haze. The solar charge starts dropping, so I do a trial landing on the riverbank in case I need to duck a storm with no power. It's bathing suit work. I attach the longest of

the ropes to one of the bow rings, row her into shallow water, then jump in and crawl through a little mud, pulling the raft like a sleigh or a big dog on a leash. Lie it off to a stout tree, messy but workable.

Yachtsmen & River Rats

When all is going smoothly, and I'm running engines full astern to set the Danforth anchor and play out the proper scope, I feel much the yachtsman. Other times, picking through my garbage pail for something to plug a hole in the wall, or washing a dirty shirt in a dirty river, I feel more like a river rat. This split identity must be common on the water. Suave owners of gorgeous wooden boats, like Jacques and Sylvie with their Nordic Tug, unfold their collapsible bikes when they arrive in port and pedal up to the winery and bistro, the Laundromat and pool. They're handsome and elegant in speech and movement. But that kind of grace only comes from experience, so I bet they know how to rat it when the situation demands.

And there's Claude, out of Levis, Quebec, just opposite Quebec City on the St. Lawrence. Claude is international, charming, savvy, and shares the latest weather with me on a portable computer. But he knows my buddy Dave from Lamoille County and has a hunting camp in Maine, so I'll wager Claude has some rat in him. Jacques, on the *Orca*, wore his rat on the outside. Nicest guy and knows anything you want to know about getting around on boats, but when I first met him that night on the dock he was wearing only a damp towel and did not appear to give a shit. When he got dressed it meant tying a red bandana around his head, pirate style.

The beautiful thing is that these older, wealthier guys with infinitely more experience and resources get a nostalgic look in their eyes when they see a little homemade 15'11½" raft built from recycled barrels, house lumber and auto parts, with a design daydreamed up in slow work meetings. One of the French Canadian skippers had come over while I was doing the wiring and complimented me on the craftsmanship, how I'd aligned and countersunk all the decking screws and bolts. "You know a gentleman by the care he puts into the small details," he said. This guy had been a cabinetmaker before retiring to the water and appreciated that sort of thing.

These salty rat/yachtsmen were kind, welcoming, helpful. They showed me where to find fresh water and free power to charge my screw gun. We shared information about the village; where to eat or shower or do laundry; about other ports; about wind patterns on the far side of the lake. No one bragged of their boats or their journeys, though we are all proud of them. These men and women could look beyond the differences in our years and the sticker price or tonnage of our vessels. I realized there is a fraternité among all who cast off with a little dream boat, respecting the rhythm and tempo of the weather, exploring new bays and coastline. There's a camaraderie because all boats feel small in a storm at night and some day we will need each other.

Fort Cassin Point

Late in the afternoon, the *S.B. James Brown* slides around the last curve on the creek and gets its first glimpse of the broad waters of Lake Champlain opening up to north, west and south. This is the delta at

Fort Cassin Point, a special spot, the meeting place between a slow, sheltered river which runs through quiet villages and fertile farm country and big, international water where anything feels possible.

As we push around the end of the point, another inspiring view appears. Looking up the length of Champlain toward Canada, I see the shoreline to the north disappear and the horizon come right down to rest on the surface of the lake. The chart indicates a fine bay around the headland and the wind does not seem opposed to the idea.

It's great to motor into little Porter Bay as the sun is getting low. I drop anchor, take a bath and swim underneath to inspect the barrels. As I cook dinner on deck, the light from the setting sun reflects off the bay and the burnished metal of the mess kit.

Part IV - Wednesday Morning in Porter Bay

Big storms skirted past to the south last night, the pretty sort that light the towering clouds in white, pink and purple flashes then growl and crackle politely from a distance. It looks like they were only a few miles south of here so I may have gotten out of Vergennes at the right time. Best sleep so far. Dry. Calm seas. The boat swings slowly on her anchor, imperceptibly so, unless I'm watching the shoreline.

This bay is a beauty; a well-protected crescent with good anchorage and only a few other boats so we all have elbowroom. It opens to the main lake on the northwest between two rocky points. The southeast quarter is a reedy marsh with a lot of fish activity. There's a sacred quiet here today, like one finds in a cathedral or near a Buddhist shrine. The fish jump, the heron squawk in the distance over some outrage, Osprey and smaller birds squeak and call, but the humans sheltering here are quiet, reverent. In the stillness, I hear a train heading up the far side of the lake, making the run from Albany to Montreal. Wind is calm from the SE and from the rear deck I can see across to Split Rock Point and the foothills of the Adirondacks that begin immediately at the shore.

A man moored a bit to the south is trying to fix either a fussy bilge pump or the electric lift for his jet ski. The sun is breaking through the clouds. When I'm at full charge with morning chores done, I want to try a run northeast up the lake to Kingsland Bay.

Surfing to Kingsland Bay Encounter with the Natives

Champlain runs north/south between the Green Mountains of Vermont and New York's Adirondacks with its northern end pushing into Quebec. It's patrolled by the Coast Guard, so I've got all the required safety items: PFD, whistle, running lights, horn, even flares. Can't afford to give them any reason to deem this an unfit craft and dock me. In July, I'd reached out to an ex-navy buddy about mounting some artillery on her - maybe a 5" gun. Not to fire, just to negotiate from a position of power. Still waiting for him to get back to me.

The morning's weather was ideal for the quick run up the lake and another chance to practice my surfing technique. With a good chart, a reliable compass, and a sense of where the wind will be coming from, I can run the motor, tacking to a point where

I intersect a bearing between the source of the wind and my destination. Then I cut the motor and let the battery recharge off the solar while I coast in using the cabin as a sail. It sounds improbable, but if I'm not picky about where I need to get to, or when, and the wind stays steady, it totally works. I used this trick to come around the point north of Porter Bay, past a few private waterfront estates and coast right into Kingsland Bay.

Kingsland is another charming bay. The natives here propel themselves about on long floating boards using a single light paddle. While I was at anchor on the east side of the bay, putting grip tape on the deck and finishing a folding table for the cabin, one of the local women approached, curious about the boat. I invited her aboard for a short cruise. We tether her board to one of the rings on the rear deck and motor slowly around the bay. The day is bright and warm so we stop on the west side to swim.

While I was preparing an Italian dinner for my guest, we get into a bit of weather. At first just thunder with a sudden cold breeze, then lightning with heavy rain. I took down the steel mast and secured everything on deck. It didn't look good for getting her back to the east side in that wind. As we're sheltering in the tiny cabin, things pick up. I look out and see, through rain-streaked windows and lightning, that we're drifting rapidly backwards past buoys and moored boats.

I ran out to the foredeck to see if I've broken the mooring line or ripped out the anchor cleat, but everything's intact. We appear to be dragging the anchor along the bottom in the heavy wind. This is the best of three possible scenarios. At least dragging keeps us straight as we plow toward the approaching end of the bay. It means we have another chance to set anchor. I'd given it a good set when the wind had been west, but as it shifted north and picked up, it had lost its bite. I play out anchor line to increase the scope and work the tension off and on with my hands the way we hold a big fish on a small hook. This works and we slow to a stop, though now we risk swiping other boats or getting tangled when the wind shifts.

As Molly and I ate our Italian dinner from the mess kit with mood lighting provided by the storm, we developed a plan involving coasting with the wind to the southern lobe of the bay and dropping anchor in the shallows where there are fewer boats. Then I'd swim in with her keys, run to the state park, and drive back for her and the paddleboard. It sounded complicated but it would get her safely on her way before dark. I'd bagged up my sneakers and was getting ready to go in when I decided to try one run back east and north across the narrow bay. Once we got closer, there might be cover from the wind in the sheltered cove just south of the park.

I was outside, crouching low, running the deadly-slow trolling motor with all kinds of exciting weather occurring above and around us. I suggested Molly stay in the cabin. She sat on the bunk, looking serious and focused, but not freaking out. At one point a solid curtain of rain rolled over and enveloped us. It was warm and I was already as wet as possible so it didn't bother.

We effected a fast but orderly landing on the rocky ledge by the park and I ran the anchor ashore and wedged it between boulders. We dashed up the hill, laughing, bent low for the lightning and cradling the pad-

dle board which hissed angrily as it deflated. We crossed a grassy lawn to her car, past an amused or confused park attendant trying to process the scene. Perhaps not the most romantic evening onboard, but memorable.

Once Molly was on her way, I sprinted back to keep the raft from blowing away or getting ground up on the sharp ledge. It was dark by the time the wind began to die. I put the fuses in my circuit panel and the running lights came on with that warm, professional glow that always makes me proud. We crossed the bay back to the western side.

The storm recurred in waves during the first half of the night, each milder than the one before. I got up a few times to check my position against the lights of the shoreline which I'd memorized at dusk. No drifting. No leaks and I slept comfortably 'til six.

Part V - Thursday Sneaking out of Kingsland Bay

I went through the full hygiene checklist this morning when the sun came up to warm the bay and charge the panels. Swim, teeth, dishes, even some laundry. It was a pretty morning, though wind continues to be from the north, so I may be pent up here longer than planned. The old weather radio has stopped working so I've been checking National Weather Service forecast for Lake Champlain twice a day. The NWS had issued a correction about 5pm yesterday, warning of the change to north wind and big storms, but we'd been cruising the bay and missed it.

After chores, including swimming underneath down the length of the boat to inspect each barrel, nylon strap, eye hook, critical timber and major fastener, I finished off the pasta and sauce for breakfast and got ready for a try at the main lake.

Tricky sneaking out of that bay with that north wind. Close to shore, on the west, the water looked calmer. Perhaps that narrow strip was a way out. I raised the anchor and used the motor to slide in closer toward the rocky shore, then tiptoed around weed mats, anchored boats and empty moorings, hugging the contour of the bay closely; gradually crawling upwind.

With no keel, leeboards or rudder to help track, handling in certain winds is like backing a truck with a trailer. I have to steer both front and back. I was glad to finally get north of the other boats, snags and moorings, conscious of being watched by a few people anchored nearby. It must have been good entertainment.

The lake itself seemed friendlier than the bay. Bigger waves but not so focused on me. More room to breathe. We slipped around MacDonough Point and guessed on a bearing to surf in toward the mouth of Little Otter Creek somewhere in the expanse of marsh reeds to the southeast.

We continued downwind with the motor off for half an hour and stopped in a pleasant, shallow section of bay around noon for a snack, a siesta, and to re-charge the battery while the sun was directly overhead. Practiced a tune on my penny whistle. A fisherman plunked quietly away from a bass boat to the north. A young couple tried to get the hang of rented paddleboards. I enjoyed tortilla chips, a seltzer, an orange and two rice cakes with PB. I'm starting to learn little tricks, like when at anchor, cooking on the rear deck where the flame is sheltered, and eating on the forward deck where the breeze keeps the bugs away.

A gang of kayakers paddled over to say hi. People seem fascinated by the boat and wonder how to classify it. The S.B. designates a sailing barge (as well as Super Bad) but with the mast down, it's easier to describe it as a tiny solar-powered houseboat. When we were assembling it in Vergennes, some other boaters had come up and asked what it was with just a faint hint of derision. "Sailing barge," Ethan responded curtly without looking up from his work. His tone immediately shut down any snide response they might have made, and implied that provincials were tedious because they don't know anything about recent developments in marine craft. While I was finishing lunch, a military helicopter flew directly overhead, scoping the design.

Little Otter Creek

After lunch, I pull anchor and search with the binoculars for a break in the reeds indicating the creek mouth. Matt from Vergennes had told me about a sand bar here but fortunately the boat only draws about 15", meaning it can clear snags, bars and rocks that would hang up a boat with a keel or larger motor. There was a lot of weed here. The propeller of the trolling motor is designed to slice through this stuff without tangling. I was impressed that it was generally able to chop up the weed and fling it. I only had to raise and clear the prop twice as we slipped in over the bar. This summer has been dry and the lake is lower than normal for August. Combined with the sand bar, that must prevent anything but kayaks and canoes exploring in here.

Little Otter Creek was marshy and sleepy. It presumably holds great value for ornithologists and the birds they go there to observe. I soon got bored of curve after endless curve through the unchanging marsh. I felt like some G.I. patrolling a tributary of the Mekong Delta. I was also getting frustrated by my tedious pace up the creek. With no tree cover, the wind was slowing me down and trying to jam me up in dense lily pads growing on either edge of the channel. The chart indicates a fork in the creek, with the southerly branch having an access ramp. But whether it's because my chart is 15 years old or some other reason, I motored for three hours without seeing fork or ramp.

We came down a long, straight bit of creek with high tension wires strung overhead and got hung up in shallow water at a dismal dead end beyond which even kayaks couldn't have gone. I could hear occasional traffic but had no idea where I was. Another map indicates I'm near Little Chicago Road, between a slaughterhouse and a McDonald's restaurant. No signs of beeves or burgers at any point in the process, so I'm not sure how accurate that is.

It had been a beautiful, clear, sunny day but I was feeling overheated by that point in the afternoon and didn't want to spend the night there on the open shallow stretch of swamp with a north wind pushing me around. To get unstuck, I used an ugly technique where I throw the anchor as far as I can out ahead, then draw myself up to it. Don't tell anyone about that part. After a few sets of that, and a bit of using the oar as a pole, I reached deeper water. Put the motor at 80% and zapped the last dregs of the battery to travel a few hundred yards back in the direction of the lake and away from Hamburger Alley.

On a solo voyage, I find yourself assigning names and ascribing personalities to the inanimate objects in my small, floating world. There's Cletis, the galvanized cleat ... obviously. There's Smelly Nelly, the five-gallon pail. The trolling motor I have begun to call So-You-Say, mainly because of its overly optimistic charge meter. It will confidently display that the battery is at one-half or three-quarter charge, but just a few minutes after I turn it on, I hear the demoralizing sound of the prop spooling down, starved for power. When referring to So-You-Say, I must use a hammy foreign accent and a skeptical, sinister inflection, like a villain from France, the Orient or the Middle East as portrayed in a movie from the '40s. Sometimes I think of other names for the raft, too. When she's good, something regal and latin, like *Sol Invictus* (okay, a bit too pretentious for a yachtsman.) When she's dragging ass, something like *Imperceptible Progress*.

I struck out on the first few spots I was going to camp, then found a nice, tranquil elbow in the creek with a rare tree and slightly higher ground offering shelter from the wind. The creek bent west here to a beautiful view of a pink-orange sun getting ready to set down over the Adirondacks.

Within a few minutes of my dropping anchor, the wind and waves even calmed to flat and the late afternoon light made the marsh a beautiful place. As I cooked coffee on the rear deck and sipped it from a metal cup, I saw the day had turned again, like the wind, and made a conscious decision to reset my mood and appreciate the serenity here. It was good to be on the water. Maybe I'd even try some damn ornithology and see what that's about. Must remember the wisdom of Jacques and Matt on the dock. Let go of schedules and definite destinations. You're on a beautiful creek at the moment.

I got out the binoculars and scoped the tree and reeds. Saw one unusual bird with a pinkish breast, whitish undercarriage, and a dark head with yellow racing stripes and crest. I'll have to look him up when I get home. The great blue herons are particularly grouchy this summer. I have never heard such angry squawks. They must be in heat or discussing national politics. The elegant cranes or storks (or whatever they are) were far better behaved. There were plenty of cormorants, gulls, ducks and osprey. The head of a turtle appears from the water, checking things out, then gets bored and dives away somewhere.

I daydreamed a routine with a consultant making a pitch to the Agency of Natural Resources and state legislature. He's earnestly explaining to policy makers a solution to the horrors of invasive aquatic species choking up Vermont's lakes: "You see, the only answer is to introduce a species that will consume eurasian milfoil, Japanese knotweed and water chestnut, and, as it turns out, the tiny Piranha fish from the Amazon basin in South America..."

The water is so calm tonight I can see the crescent moon and planet Mars reflected in its surface.

Part VI - Friday Morning: Forecast

I checked the weather early this morning and copied the next three days' forecast into my notebook and shut the phone off to save power. It's running low and both external power blocks seem to have failed. Today

and Saturday will be rough on the lake. Sunday's looking to be nice. Down to less than a gallon of drinking water so I'm going to two pints a day, plus coffee, until I can restock. Still plenty of food and cooking fuel. I need to charge battery, phone and wouldn't mind emptying the garbage and Smelly Nelly.

I called the closest marina, near Thompson's Point, later that morning when they opened. They charge \$2 per foot per day for transient dockage. I ask if they have room for a 16 footer? The guy says yes and volunteers that the weather's going to be stormy through Saturday so I reserve a spot for that afternoon through Sunday morning.

Afternoon: Multiple Improvised Techniques for Moving a Solar Boat on Cloudy Days

I have pulled off a couple interesting stunts already today and just need the luck to hold for one more and I'll be comfy on the dock at the marina. I poled and rowed, sailed and cajoled the raft back out of the Little Otter. Poling was most effective in the marsh but the oar was short in spots so I used the 10' mast like a gondolier. Gradually it got heavier as the hollow steel tube filled with a core of dense mud. That took a while to get out. I noticed the fork in the creek on the way out, so the mapmakers are correct. Back at the sand bar, I ate breakfast, tidied up and waited for the wind to be just right.

A buddy at work gave me a great marine compass, which is mounted on the outside of the cabin. Using that, along with Vogel's charts of Lake Champlain and the latest forecast from NWS, it seems possible to me to surf the two plus miles across to the marina. There's a limited window of time as the wind is going to flip to north later. It'll be rain and wind with a southerly this morning, then thunderstorms this afternoon.

I need to squeeze past a delta above Lewis Creek, stay east of Gardiner Island and dodge some shoals there, then clear Long Point. I don't want to miss Thompson's Point and drift into the big lake, but that seems unlikely. It feels like threading a few needles.

When everything feels secure and the wind just right, I raise anchor and begin the long drift due north toward what looks like a forest of dead trees; the scores of sailboats moored at the marina. This must be the feeling Evel Knievel gets as he starts down the launch ramp on his motorbike. It's not about guts. It's precision and commitment. The wind is perfect now. Using the oar I, rotate the boat 90° to use the broad side of the cabin as the sail instead of the narrower end. We're moving right along in following seas. The wind builds at my back and the rain really starts to pelt. It's beautiful. We thread between Gardiner Island and Long Point, easily missing the rocks. Surprisingly shallow there.

Wait. Can you see this? This may be a defining moment of the voyage; the gallant bit. Try it from someone else's perspective: You're cooped up in your beloved camp on Thompson's Point, looking out over Town Farm Bay. You're itching to be out on the catamaran, but the weather's foul, everyone's docked or moored. The south wind picks up, pushing rain hard against the window. You look up from the *New York Times* to watch the storm blow in, and you notice, out between Long Point and Gardiner Island, something unusual on the water. You fetch

the binoculars. It's some idiot with what looks like a fishing shanty, squinting against the rain, doing something with an oar. Jesus! He's crossing the bay on that thing, riding straight in on the storm with no sail or motor like a Norse raider set to defile the civilized village... and he's singing!

I was belting verses of Greenland Whale Fisheries in a pirate brogue. In moments of high drama, singing a good sea shanty can be a powerful antidote to fear. As I get closer, it looks like I'm approaching just a bit west of my target. I call the marina to ask the exact location of the transient dockage. Thankfully, it's on the left as I've no way to move upwind through the moored boats. The guy on the phone says the boat in my spot may not have left yet but he'll check. He describes the entrance to the fairway near a grey research vessel owned by the College. I find it with my binoculars and feel relieved.

The next few minutes are intense as I try to ferry east enough to clear some anchored boats, private docks and a rocky point, but we make it. Not knowing if the other boat has left, and unsure if I can maneuver in the tight fairway to turn around if he hasn't, I decide to pause outside the marina until that's confirmed. This is a bit of a feat as I'm checking my chart for depth and coming around to the bow to handle the anchor, all while keeping some semblance of control over the boat. Again, I get lucky and seem to get a good set at the ideal spot, equidistant between a racing catamaran, a sloop and the shore. Bullseye.

So I'm close, within sight of the goal now, but much wind and a lot of boats in close quarters. When it calms, I'll motor in, park safely, then get a real meal, charge the phone, take a shower, get fresh water. With all that luxury waiting nearby, it's hard to be patient but we need better conditions and to know the other boat is gone. I hope I don't drift when the next T-storm hits. The rain is easing now. Let's hope the wind does, too.

Evening: Marinas

For all you river rats, a marina is like a floating truck stop for fancy people with fancy boats. We can stop for an hour or a season if we have the money. They have food and mechanics who charge high hourly rates to fix our boat or tell us what is wrong and how much it might cost to actually fix. We can get gas and water, ice, charge our batteries, take a shower, buy odds and ends for our boat. I'd like to be able to describe this particular marina better, give you specifics, but there was a hitch. Somewhere between the calls I'd made that morning and now as I was shouting over the wind to a guy in charge of dockage who pulled up near me in a motorboat, something had changed.

As they regarded the *S.B. James Brown* in person, they determined there wasn't enough room on the dock. Any plans involving sitting out the storm, showers, water, emptying the trash, had just dissolved. Even the victorious crossing of the bay with no power now seemed wasted effort. I would probably not have tried that if I wasn't sure there was a dock waiting for me on the far side. Now, with the wind picking up, I'm stuck here until the storm passes. It's a bad location, exposed and too close to other moorings. It's tantalizingly close to my destination, within easy swimming distance, yet out of reach.

And yet I was not really surprised. On some level, I'd never believed the marina

would let me in. Even though they're floating truck stops, they're culturally more like country clubs. Letting a mutt like mine in among their purebreds, and cleating it off between a sparkly cabin cruiser and a gorgeous mahogany sloop would be an acknowledgement that you don't have to spend like a gangster to be a member of the tribe. And acknowledging that is a threat to a marina's business model.

What I'm concerned about is drifting off my mooring, like at Kingsland, or ripping off the little anchor cleat tacked to the frame with decking screws and crashing into another boat. Checked the cleat and anchor line. All appears okay. I added a piece of smooth Tyrap tape to the leading deck board where the rope was starting to chafe the wood. Rechecked the eyebolts and nylon strapping, swam underneath again to tighten ratchet straps on a few barrels and check the screws securing those to the frame. All seems solid and secure down there. No sign of wear or loosening from the storm.

I am now almost out of battery on the phone. The last time I turned it on, NOAA was saying wind should turn to north before midnight so if I can get through next five hours or so, I'll be in better shape. We will still be stuck here, though, until main battery is charged.

No appetite. Should eat to get some energy but nothing looks good. Boat smells funky, too. I'm ready to get this beautiful invention back somewhere safe, like a mill pond close to home. This feels like the end of Phase One R&D. The *James Brown* is a lovely little tank but she's out of her depth here and whomever thought a solar-powered trolling motor could push a 1,600lb. brick around Lake Champlain with a headwind and cloudy weather was getting recreational with the shore weed. No way to squeeze much more out of this setup. It needs a different destination or a heavier-duty propulsion system. I can't stop fantasizing about a 10-horse gas outboard and five gallons of fuel. I could do anything with those. This close to shore and other boats, being underpowered feels dangerous.

And what about pride? Ego? The secret plan to re-enact Ethan Allen's invasion of Canada, annex Quebec in the name of the Republic of Vermont and take over the maple syrup cartel? I ruminate on all this for a few seconds and determine that Pride and Ego are gonna have to take one for the team. This is a shakedown voyage, after all. The Canadians can rest a little easier.

Best options for a safe, orderly landing seem to be:

1 - Go back to Kingsland. Use the state park to charge phone, get water, etc. Then beach it at the quiet south end of the bay and come back with a truck.

2 - Backtrack all the way around Fort Cassin Point and up Otter Creek to Vergennes, where the Little City has everything for an orderly decommissioning.

3 - Take it out here, near Thompson's Point, somehow.

The Kingsland option might work, but wind forecast for the next few days is all wrong to get back up Otter Creek. Cross out option 2. I look over at Middlebury College's sturdy research vessel, painted battleship gray. The thing looks indestructible. Research vessel! Why isn't anyone out in it ...researching? Would they let me in the marina if this was the *R.V. James Brown*? Okay, here's something we can research:

Let's see how much property damage my raft can inflict on the fancy boats when it blows off its anchor and goes slicing blind across the bay, with its boxy edges and protruding hex head bolts. I went briefly to the dark place, visions of Phoenicians sending fire ships hurtling downwind into the panicked Roman fleet.

A Question of Hygiene

People, particularly a curious sister-in-law from Chicago, have inquired about hygiene aboard the *James Brown*; how certain essential functions are accommodated. There's too much yachtsman in me to go into detail here, though I'm working on an appendix specifically for Shannon to include diagrams and lots of adjective-rich narrative. There may also be a section in the DVD special features. For this sophisticated audience, let it suffice to say there are a few important pieces of equipment you want on board: a jar with a good cap, a five-gallon pail (preferably with a lid), and some extra garbage bags. I forgot a lid, so I use a shoelace to tie and retie bags. All that works fine and within a few days, one has adapted to it, like camping. Within a few more days, the ship starts to smell vaguely like a neglected diaper, particularly with the cabin door closed and storm window fastened over the screened window to keep out rain. There. 'Nough said.

Night: Storms & Bargaining

The boat lurches about in the dark like a rodeo bull. At what point is tenacity just being foolishly obstinate? At what point is passion really a nice word for consuming obsession? At what point is a clever tiny solar house boat just a high-end swim raft? Hmm. Interesting questions to ruminate on in the slow hours between midnight and dawn as lightning flashes port and starboard and my little boat bucks on the waves and whips 'round in the windy dark.

The metaphysical bargaining has begun: If I get through without destroying my dream boat or anyone else's, I will never again attempt something quite so stupid. (Attorneys will notice the qualifier there.) And: If I should ever hear another foolish person tell me they plan to undertake a similar mission, it will be my appointed duty to reason them out of it, as it will be their duty to ignore me.

I have a good book to take my mind off the big questions, and the cabin light still works fine, but we're thrashing around too much for me to read without getting dizzy. Instead, I practice the hell out of my bowline knot, over and over until I can do it quickly without reciting the narrative involving the bunny and the tree. The secret seems to be in how I twist that first loop, the hole the rabbit pops out of.

Part VII - Saturday A Discussion

The last 20 hours have been a bit rough, humbled by jarring gusts of wind, the violent rolling, pitching and bucking, the changing of wind direction. If you want something to wear out, attach it to a boat. Nothing is more patient and relentless than wind, rain, sun, and the constant motion of the water. They turn mountains into beach sand. Whether it's a piece of carefully varnished wood, a length of good manila rope, or a man's stubborn

resolve, they'll eventually reduce it to something splintered, frayed and in need of repair.

It's Saturday, 10am. I haven't slept in 30 hours. The wind is steady from north with occasional gusts that must be over 20 knots. I was properly rattled last night, sleep not really an option due to being bounced around the tiny cabin with the lurching, some good thunder storms, and my need to keep peering through the windows to see if I'd broken loose and was drifting in toward the marina or out towards Split Rock Point where the lake is dark and deep. There's no danger of drowning. The issue is losing the anchor and plowing blind into luxury property and rocks.

Sunday is forecast to be beautiful, calm winds with plenty of sun. I could recharge the main battery and sail in any direction, but I would still need more drinking water and to charge my phone for the weather. The latest forecast makes crystal clear that I need to be off the lake by Monday at the latest. There's a wind advisory for Tuesday with south winds increasing to 15-25 knots and waves building to 3'-5'. Tuesday is going to be gnarly enough for the NWS to issue a "discussion." I love that term. A discussion is a clear, non-alarmist way for them to signal there's something different about Tuesday. They give us more detail and offer a little friendly advice to small craft. When the weather service mentions a "discussion," pay attention.

Salvation

I need to give a shout out here to a local who has lived on this cove since she was 13. Sandy appeared Saturday morning as I was running through some lousy options. She was the answer to insomniac prayers of the night before as she shouted from shore about a well-concealed public access point nearby. I was curious which side it was on, as I couldn't cross between the marina's dockage and outer moorings without steering. She seemed to be indicating it was on the near side.

She disappeared, and I saw her a few minutes later farther up the bay, waving from shore. With my binoculars, I could see she was pointing out the exact location of the semi-public access point the locals knew about.

When she got back, she tried telling me something else but we couldn't hear each other over the wind. I saw her start to pick up a canoe laying overturned beside her. Oh, no, she's going to try to paddle over and get swept away. I shouted and gestured for her not to try, warning her how much wilder it was offshore, but she waved me and the weather off with one little dismissive swat of her hand and pulled a stumpy sort of punga kayak from underneath the canoe.

She had it in the water and with no life jacket was paddling out to assist a stranger. She is kind of my hero for that. I caught hold of her bow as she came in and held her boat alongside the raft while she explained which dock was okay to use, and how to get between the marina, the access point and the main road along various right of way paths around the cove. Then she handed me her phone so I could let Molly know I was all right, just saving the battery for weather updates.

When she got back to shore, she'd inspired additional goodwill along the cove. One of her neighbors came down to the water to holler they had an open mooring if I could get to it. That, in itself, was a relief as I could get through wind from any direction on a fixed mooring as opposed to the over-worked 8lb

Danforth anchor and Valiant Cletis, pinned to the raft with two 2 1/2" decking screws.

The new and improved plan is to crash land at the public access point by one of two methods: Either wait for a break in the wind and squeeze a final few minutes out of the battery or get a tow in from the marina. You'd think they'd be glad to have me and this mutt out of sight as they start their weekend regatta. The former option is more gallant, arriving in port on my own power. Better than being dragged back to civilization on a heavy rope like a dead whale or tranquilized gorilla.

I have no idea what I'll find at the access point. If necessary, will pull the valuable gear tonight and return with a truck in the morning. While waiting for my chance, I force myself to chew and swallow a rice cake with peanut butter, then another. Still zero appetite. Must be below 170lbs now and the north wind feels chilly, even with most of my layers on. I boil coffee, which warms me and boosts my energy and spirits. I don't know exactly how, but the plan is good. It'll work.

Part VIII - Sunday Obsession & Adaptation

It's interesting how an obsession changes us. Obviously it messes with you head, gives us tunnel vision, makes us deaf to reasonable advice from family and friends; but it comes after our sleep and meals, too. Surprising how fast physical changes occur. Between a couple of weeks outside building and a week onboard piloting, I've gotten a lot more sun than usual and my arms are dark, not burned, but dark, like men and women seen flagging highway projects. I move differently. My balance was fine on board and not once did I get seasick, but I sway on land now as my inner ears re-adjusts. In addition to whatever weight I lost building her on the lawn, I've dropped 5lbs in the week onboard. I now weigh less than what it says on my driver's license. I made a proper breakfast with eggs, toast, tomatoes and cheese. It was nice to have something other than oatmeal and rice cakes.

Yesterday, pinned down off of Thompson's Point, I finally got enough of a break from the wind to try a run for it. I checked the charge on *So-You-Say* and tilted the prop down into the water to be ready. With everything checked and fastened down, the straps on my life vest cinched snug, I began to haul up the anchor. Something was different and it felt heavier this time. As it neared the surface I saw it was wrapped in a few hundred pounds of seaweed. I couldn't lift it from the water like that and had to rip away the weed and raise the anchor in stages to get the muddy creature onto the deck.

I set a bearing, then gave it 75% power to get upwind enough to clear the rocky point off the port side. Even if I didn't have enough juice to reach shore, we could drift back and catch hold of the mooring the neighbor had offered. Even that would be better than status quo.

The boat was making progress. The motor hadn't started to make that sickening drop in pitch indicating an imminent loss of power. We reached the band of calmer water closer to shore and at that point, though there was still a ways to go, I knew we would make it. Soon it would be shallow enough that I could jump in holding one of the lines, drag the beast in to shore and lead it around the bay to the landing point.

The boat crept up the bay, slow but on course. Now there were just four boats to get past, now three, two. I maneuvered around the last sailboat. The approaching land tamed the wind and it was almost getting too easy. We swung around one long dock and threaded between two others and were there. Using the oar, I parallel-parked between smaller dinghies like I was acing a road test. I savored a breath of satisfied relief and waded through the shallows onto the little gravel beach, ever so grateful to have the *James Brown* safely ashore. Victory. A humbled, exhausted victory without an exclamation point, but the boat had not a scratch, and I had bumped exactly zero boats, docks or moorings along the way.

I called Molly on the last of the phone battery to let her know all was good and to gauge her interest in driving up to Chittenden County to pick up one rather tired, dirty and unshaven husband in Charlotte. She said she was leaving right away. I slowly took gear out of the boat and stacked it on the dock.

I was so glad to see Molly when she pulled in to the gravel lot. It's a special person who will let you go when you need to wander in the mountains or on the water and who will come and get you without judgment or a smart "I-told-you-so" when you're ready to come home. I pointed to the bay and tried to tell her bits of the account but the weather had mellowed and it seemed unbelievable now. How could I have been bashed around by this gentle breeze, these playful waves? We stopped for a late lunch on the way home, so grateful for each other's company.

Deconstruction & Denouement

We got back to the bay at noon today with a truck, tools and a thermos of coffee. I was relieved to see no one has messed with the boat, although I'd left the cabin unlocked. The battery was still charging so I left it connected for a while to have juice for next time.

Champlain is another creature today. I'm standing on the very spot I'd been trying so hard to reach 24 hours ago, but weather and context are jarringly different. Looking out from shore, with the perspective reversed and sunny weather, it just isn't the same lake. It's calm, alluring, beckoning rats and yachtsmen to get out there and explore around the next point. It says the little tiff yesterday is behind us, all is forgiven, and if I push off from the dock and head west it will be nothing but fair winds, following seas and all the amazing and wonderful things nature is, minus any harrowing discomforts and prayers in the night.

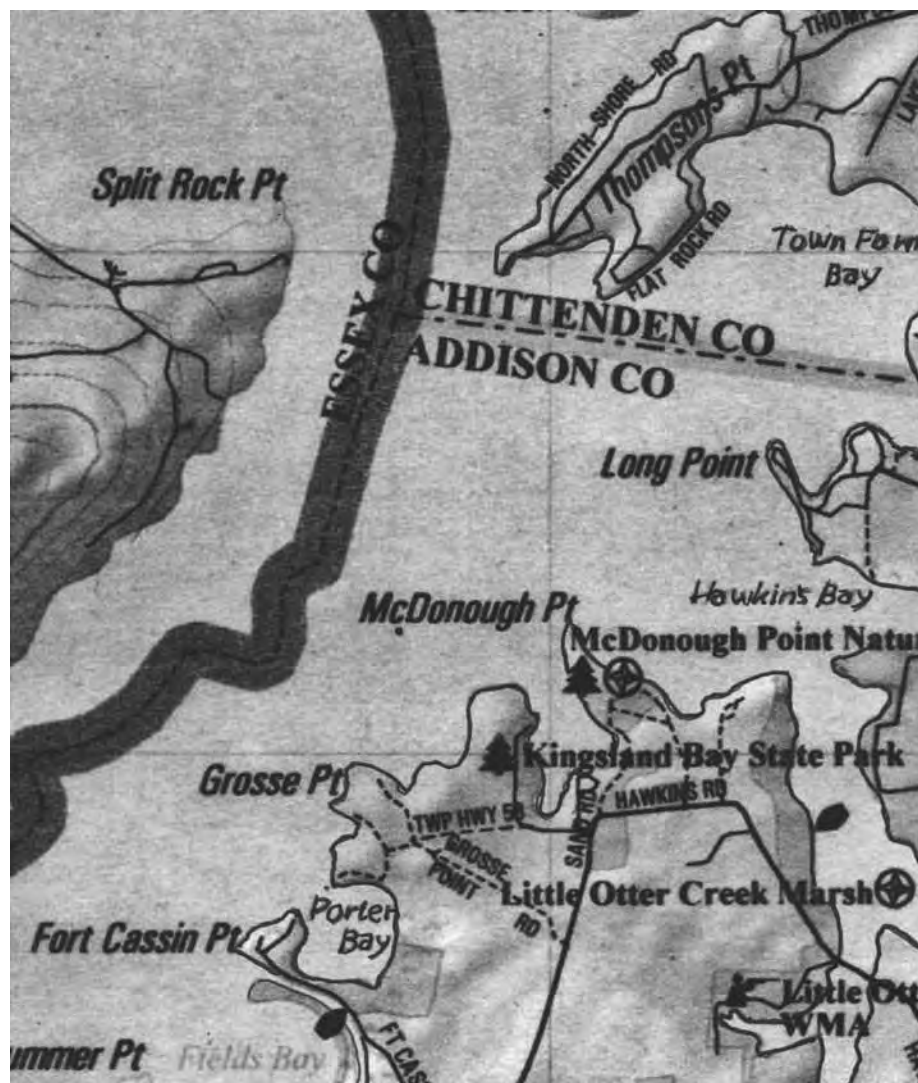
Over the next few hours, what had been my boat and home for the past week is reduced to its elements: sheets of painted 1/4" plywood; polyurethaned spruce timbers; 12" pine boards; cardboard boxes of solar panels; the eight plastic drums lined up like pawns at the start of a chess game. The process reminds me of time-lapse photography of a dead animal being recycled by jungle insects, or a piece of fiction in the hands of an advanced placement literature class. It's hardest to cut through the electrical connections and the Typar tape which had been applied meticulously and worked well to keep out the weather.

During the dismantling, the neighbors fired up their barbecue and dialed the radio in to a continuous soft rock station. Not sure if this is what they actually like or

if they were using it as a subtle repellent to discourage rats like me using the neighborhood's boat access. As I'm removing decking, I hear someone on the water whistling "Song of the Volga Boatman." Turning, I see a white-haired man rowing a dinghy back in from the bay. We talk about boats, motors and he hikes slowly up the gravel slope toward the road. A woman with him asks: "Wasn't there a little houseboat here just a few hours ago?" When I have everything loaded in the back and climb up into the cab, I open a seltzer and flip on the radio. The classic rock station out of Burlington is just starting into Ted Nugent's rock epic "Stranglehold." Good stereo speakers on this rig. I turn it up to let

the bass breathe and drive south through the beautiful farm country of Western Vermont on a summer evening.

That night, I unpack before fatigue has a chance to hit. The last piece of gear out of the truck happens to be one of the sturdy, bright blue 55 gallon barrels. It's an interesting full circle, as I remember the day in November, cowboying back in Devon's truck with the herd of barrels from Bill the Barrel Man. These were the first pieces of the boat I'd started to assemble. I place the lone barrel on the aluminum loading ramp and let it roll down, charge across a few feet of lawn, and bump, harmlessly, against the barn. Fin.



It was a quiet, overcast day, and the still air invited a row. My skiff "Periwinkle" is so easy to get underway, I have little excuse to avoid the call of an inviting moment. I quickly throw a couple of life preservers and the ditty bag holding rowlocks and other gear into the car, lash the oars atop, and am underweigh a few minutes later, gradually increasing the pull on the oars to build up a respectable wake. "Periwinkle" is flat-bottomed and a little too beamy to be really fast, but the beam gives her excellent stability when sailing, and here she's fast and responsive.

But that's not what I want to talk about. As I wend my way among a few anchored boats I spot an unusual name: "Favonian II". The fad in names has changed over the years. A while ago they tended to be cutesy, like "Honey IV", "Miss Chivous", "Baby", "Momma"; I've even seen "Afterglow". Now they've gotten more masculine, brash, even offensive, like "Screamer", "Top Dog", and a catamaran named "Cat Chit". "Favonian II" clearly harked back to another era and brought back some strong memories. You can't be sure these days an owner will know the meaning of the name he's chosen, so I thought I'd ask, "That's a neat name, what does it mean?"

"Daughter of the West Wind," the owner replies, "named after a boat I once owned, damn best I ever had, and I'm still sorry I ever sold it."

"Your name must be Belver G.," I reply, "and I believe I bought that boat from you almost exactly twenty years ago!" A few more interchanges establish that this was indeed the case, and I could only add that I was sorry that I ever sold her, too.

Here I was, rowing a 15' plywood skiff modeled after a long forgotten type, and Mr. G. was sitting in the cockpit of a modern 30' sloop, and both of us thought back lovingly about the same boat. I don't really know his story, but I sure know mine.

I moved to the Chesapeake Bay when fiberglass boats were first beginning to make inroads into the "yachting" world, when the vast majority of sport-fishing boats were still built in local waters, and typically followed local traditions. But a new boat had become really hot a couple of years before, a 28' sloop designed by Carl Alberg, and now others were following his footsteps. In these waters, the Tartan 27's were really hot, but I was interested in something less expensive, something from the hand of a designer of another era, one that also was a real artist. I found "Favonian" sitting in a boat yard down near the mouth of the Potomac River, a little ways up Smith Creek, but not before I had practically been thrown out of the office of a broker who was offended by my limitations. I wanted to spend between one and two thousand dollars for a "yacht." He never did get it in his head that I wanted a boat, not a yacht, nor could he think ahead to the day that I might want to buy a bigger boat, even if not a bigger yacht.

Well, I knew right off that this boat was for me. She had a long, shallow keel, quite a bit of forefoot, a beautiful sheer, and slippery looking lines. While I did not like a raised deck on a small boat, somehow it worked well enough on this one so that I was not offended. At 22' overall, she

25 Years Ago in **MAIB**



Fond Memories of "Favonian"

By Hermann Gucinski

would accommodate my wife and three year-old, and leave room for the skipper. It was her lineage that convinced me she'd be worth it. Built by Lee & McMath somewhere near Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, in 1934, she was from the hand of Sam Sturgis Crocker, Sr. His designs had intrigued me for some time, so a deal was quickly struck. A survey pronounced her "sound, where accessible for inspection," a phrase full of meaning, I was soon to learn.

A coat of bottom paint later she was ready to go, and I was eager to sail her to her new home port, some 40 n.m. north to an old-time marina still dominated by wooden boats that would keep "Favonian" in good company. It was late in the season, October, and the weather could change from clear, sparkly days with good breezes to nasty squalls accompanying fronts of considerable power, enough to rake a little boat from stem to stern. One had to pick one's weather in these waters; the mouth of the Potomac River had already then a considerable reputation, and I'd been around enough to use a little caution with an untried boat.

One sail in near-calm was not enough of a shakedown, and I couldn't figure out the sail track arrangement, it had some sort of magazine for the mainsail slides, but nothing much would budge, so I couldn't figure out what exactly it was for. Later I found that it was seized with dirt, and once cleaned provided a handy means of bending and unbending the mainsail, which allowed me to come to the boat and be underway within five minutes of boarding her.

Well, the forecast called for a frontal passage the following morning, but clearing and moderate airs soon thereafter. I'd learned not to trust forecasts by then, but I'd also learned never to waste a fair wind, and it promised to be southerly for about eight hours before the arrival of that front.

One interesting piece of gear among the few things that stayed aboard was a large diameter, short stroke brass pump of considerable heft, right by the companion way, with a short, but magnificent hose pointed overboard. It should have given me pause....

When my friend Joe X. and I threw our dunnage below, the floorboards were afloat. I didn't worry too much, because the yard-boss had said, "Oh, give her a little time, she's been out of the water a while, and will take up only slowly." The darn pump had been out of water a long time, too, the leathers were dried, and she needed priming every time. But she could get rid of formidable amounts of water in a hurry, and we were soon underway, stopping the 2-1/2 horse Seagull just as soon as we could, for it was a noisy little brute. For doubting Thomases, it carried the message "The Best Outboard Motor in the World" cast right into the flywheel.

Outside, the wind was fluky and from the west, no sign of that southerly. We carried the big genoa, but had a reef tucked in for later, all done in a nearly full moon. After the initial excitement of the departure wore off, we settled back and enjoyed "Favonian's" easy motion while ghosting along; the merest gurgle under her transom indicated we are progressing down the Potomac toward Point Lookout, our turning point. The wind steadied a bit and we used the whisker pole to hold the genoa, for we're on a dead run. Rounding the point two hours later, we got becalmed. In the jumble of waves where tidal currents swirl, the whisker pole went overboard. I said, "Let's let it go," but Joe persuaded me to give it one try. I must have done a perfect Williamson turn, for a moment later he spotted the short end sticking out, vertical because of the heavy bronze fitting at one end, easily recovered.

The sails flogged only for a little when the promised southerly showed up,

and then "steady as she goes," again we ran with that precious pole holding out the "jenny." Clouds started covering the moon at intervals, and they were moving from west to east, not following the wind at all. I did know what that meant, but I said nothing. Joe and I spelled each other at the helm, and the little gimbaled "Sea-Swing" with a bracket for "Sterno" alcohol tin allowed us to keep coffee, tea, and soup going as the night wore on. Progress seemed rapid, but it was getting darker, the clouds thickening, as the wind hauled southwest.

Dawn broke and it began to blow in earnest. It didn't take long to strike the "jenny," for we still had but a moderate chop, but not for long. A series of rain squalls came marching along, and with each the wind veered farther northwest, we were forced to tack now, and were pumping every half-hour or so. "Favonian" began to buck. It never ceases to amaze me how the waves appear so quickly, even in waters of little fetch, once it's blowing hard. It must be wind against tide. I was all for pressing on, hoping the lift from the tide would make all the difference.

It didn't, two long tacks later we'd gained only 1/2 mile on a mid-channel buoy. We were abreast the mouth of the Patuxent River, and Solomon's Island had created a natural harbor that was jammed full of marinas and boats even then. We bravely tacked in close under high bluffs leading us to Drum Point, a stone's throw from shelter, coffee and comfort. It was not much of a decision. Wasn't it Billy Atkin who said going to windward in a strong breeze is the Waterloo of the small boat sailor? Or is it the Waterloo of the small boat? The wind was getting stronger still, but in smooth water with sheets eased just a tad we really romped. The leak had me really worried, too, but not the boat's behavior, which I found truly confidence inspiring, except for a pretty strong weather helm that I could fight only by maintaining an alarming bend in the ash tiller.

We were wet, hungry, tired and not a little proud of ourselves as we sailed into a slip, not needing the engine, something that was to become standard procedure aboard "Favonian". First a meal. The restaurants were deserted, prices cheap, coffee hot, and the folks, well, folksy. Don't try to go there now, for you simply won't find the spot I'm talking about. Now there are splendid "eateries," manicured boutiques, magnificent "yachts" with reverse sheer, huge, ugly transoms, and itty-bitty mainsails, immaculately attired crews in matching outfits, incredibly good-looking blondes, and uniformed attendants; for a few hundred bucks you can have yourself a good time, though it'll really cost if you want to go out on the water, too.

But we couldn't even conceive of the future like that, and happily trudged back aboard, rigged an awning to keep the rain from filling her up through that big companionway, and tucked in for a little nap. Later it was blowing as hard as ever, so we had a walk around town, returned for a little coffee, laced just a tad with some really good stuff Joe brought along, and whiled away the time with naps, reading, and playing cards. The forecast said diminishing winds by nightfall, but no way,



though it did look like it might clear. I set the alarm for 3 am, when things ought to be better and we'd have a fair tide once again.

Joe didn't even wake up when the alarm rang, and when I poked my head out the hatch I just shivered, it was so cold. The moon was out again, and a few wispy clouds were racing by, going north to south. We wanted to go south to north, and this was not inviting. I just sank back down into my bunk, and it wasn't till 7 am that we were underway once more, after breakfast and a chat with the local sage.

"Yep," said he, "can't be too bad out there, for the wind before noon can never hurt you. You couldn't imagine how many people just sit here and wait. If they'd get past that nasty river mouth they'd find it's just fine out there, and besides, the wind before noon"

Joe and I looked at each other.

"Don't listen to them forecasts, neither," said he, "them weathermen have never had it right yet, and most of the time they make it sound really bad. Why, heck, I been here near forty years.... Though there was a couple o' times when it did get right rough, why in ought-six...."

"Time to go," I said to Joe, "we've gotten all the encouragement we need."

When we reached Drum Point and got away from the shelter of the bluffs we felt the full force of the wind. This would have been great, except it was right on the nose. We tacked up about 3 or 4 n.m. to Cove Point, and decided to nose up to the beach, and take another break. We dropped an anchor over the stern, and coasted up to the beach. "Favonian's" shallow draft allowed us to jump off the bow with a line, and with a little push she floated at anchor while we had an easy way back aboard.

At the south-facing beach we were sheltered from both wind and wave, "Favonian" looked wonderful hanging just offshore, the sun was warm, the water blue and clean, and on land there was a hint of fall in the air. Insects buzzed as we walked though a woody section to the nearby Coast Guard station, and there was a mood of peace and quiet. Some leaves had begun

to turn, yet the warmth was that of late summer.

For some reason this part has stuck in my memory indelibly. Have you not found the contrast between a wild sail in blustery winds and the peace as soon as you step back ashore stunning, too? Have you not left a secure anchorage and only one-half hour later, bucked by steep waves, boat on its ear, motion enough to force hanging on, wondered what possessed you to tackle such amazing contrast?

The Coast Guard station was manned and sends out Loran-A signals for mariners far away, we marveled at the banks of vacuum-tube powered electronics with many blinking lights and audible Morse code, for the crew was friendly. We got a weather update, but didn't really need it, for the wind was clearly falling lighter, though it was well into the afternoon when we shoved off, hoisted full main and jib and sailed close-hauled past the point into the wide waters of the Chesapeake.

We still had 20+ n.m. to go, and beating into a falling wind would be slow going, but a calm set in before long, and we tried the "Best Outboard Motor in the World," its measly 2 1/2 horses pushed us neatly along at maybe 3 knots, we left a clean wake and watched smoke filled bubbles burst forth from the exhaust. Better yet, only about an hour later a southerly sprang up, we cut the engine and enjoyed the silence as we found ourselves running. Darkness set in. There was a real chill in the air on that clear night. Despite the coffee and tea, straight or diluted with that stuff Joe brought, and finally diluted with rum from a half-filled bottle that came with the boat, we still were really cold when we drifted into the harbor at 1 am.

I know, you're going to tell me about the bad effects of alcohol when it's cold. I learned about this, too, but much later. I'm talking about the days when a strong nip now and then was not only thought to help ward off cold, but quite a few other things, too. In fact, it wasn't too long after the days when the sailor expected his daily ration of grog.

That long-remembered shakedown told me that I had to do something about that infernal leak, find out if the weather helm was a fatal flaw and would leave me holding a short piece of tiller in my hand someday. But I had also learned that "Favonian" was responsive and could instill some confidence in her weatherliness. It took many a sail, and not a few cruises to really let me appreciate her strengths and forgive her weaknesses, thus building a storehouse of good will well worth remembering.

First I had to know more about the boat. I went down to the Library of Congress and leafed through volumes of "Rudder" magazine till I found a more complete description in those design review sections. She was built for youngsters to cut their teeth on in Buzzard's Bay and in the "turbulent waters off Cape Cod," said the blurb, and came with a 2-1/2 horse inboard, and had a cockpit big enough to hold a handful of these youngsters and she would bring them home again.

The sail plan showed her having jib and forestays'l, and that explained the weather helm right off. It turned out that the inboard's absence explained the horri-

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ble leak. At some point her engine had been torn out, the stuffing box removed and plugged, and rot had set in right there, ultimately involving much of her horn-timber, and in those days the \$125 repair was a costly item. Her base price, with in-board, by the way, was \$1050 in 1934, a bit less than the \$1500 I paid in 1966, with the inboard replaced by a leak.

Chesapeake Bay summers consist of calms punctuated by sudden squalls that can become quite ferocious. Many a day, and often the night would be spent ghosting in gentle breezes, but I had to be ready to handle what those squalls would bring. "Favonian" had an uncanny ability to ghost. This alone was not only most appropriate, but gave me much pleasure when in the company of other boats. Many bigger ones could outsail me easily in a breeze, but not on those typical summer days.

I have raced formally but twice in my sailing career, but that competitive urge that lurks down there in the "heart of darkness" simply would not let me pass up an opportunity I am still somewhat ashamed of. The water had nary a ripple showing that day, but a few of us could still move, while most "boaters" had long turned on their kickers and gone home. I saw very quickly that I was gaining handily on one of those famed Tartan 27's. I didn't know that I could pass under his lee, so sailed nonchalantly past aweather of him. I then slacked the "jenny" sheet and fell off a little, and he slipped on by. Hauling in that sheet and pointing up a little, I soon completed the maneuver and literally sailed a ring around him. Don't even know if he ever noticed.

I was coming out of a river mouth on one day I thought would scare me with lots of wind, for I was alone, but it fell to near calm. I spotted a boat ahead I had been admiring very much, a 30 Sq. Meter yacht of some vintage, designed by the famous Norwegian artist Johann Anker. She was 39' overall with a beam of 6-1/2', and very beautiful. I saw that by cutting across a shoal just deep enough for my 2-1/2' draft I could catch up and get a close look at the boat, one, were she mine, I should have called "Slivver." Not only did I catch her, but at one point was clearly outsailing her. I got so excited that I stood up and shouted something. My movement rocked "Favonian" slightly, she stopped dead in the water, and "Slivver" slid slowly away.

I did not lose my sanity with these "successes," but did learn that I needn't carry more than 1 gallon of gas for the outboard, and never ran out of fuel. It also allowed me to sail her when others would resort to their engine. My slip was in Parish Creek, approached via a long, narrow channel cut into a vast shoal, in water so muddy that you never saw the bottom even when hard aground. "Favonian" tacked positively, something taken for granted these days, but not always common on "character" boats with deep forefoot and strange, unwieldy sail plans.

I found that by sitting comfortably well aft, I could steer and handle a 7' light bamboo sounding pole easily, tack when required, and use "Favonian's" excellent fore-reaching ability to get me around tricky turns where winds would come from several directions, deflected by nearby

trees and buildings. That same ability would allow me to drop sail when still well away from my slip, glide a long way, turn, and dock in one smooth motion. I was so impressed with my sounding pole, that I seriously thought to improve it by taping a transistor to one end and selling it as a "transistorized sounding instrument," little knowing that in only a year or so small boat depth sounders would make my "invention" obsolete.

The sailing skills acquired from "Favonian's" easy traits allowed me to go sailing in the winter long before others thought this at all reasonable, and saved me from fussing with the engine, worrying about freezeups, and I ended up leaving the "BOMITW" in storage in my apartment.

But my fondest memories are the many weekend trips in summer. We would abandon city and apartment early in the evening on Friday and rush off to the boat. When all was ready, the sun was typically setting, the heat of the day was diminished and calm had set in. By the time we were out of the creek, the evening breeze would have set in, the mosquitoes would be left behind, the crew would be asleep, and I would ease "Favonian" across the Chesapeake on a broad reach, the buoys and light beacons pointing the way, and tugs and tows adding interest, but rarely difficulty, for I tried to keep well clear at all times. The gentle motion, the peaceful scene, the gentle gurgling under the counter provided unparalleled moments.

Landfall was typically more exciting. Ducking into a narrow creek, having one buoy only, demanded a sense of direction, and the land always loomed closer than it proved in the sun's harsh glare next morning. Sometimes I had to wend my way around boats lit and darkened; at times it was better to anchor off a ways, at other times I could thread my way to a shallow spot away from the flock. The momentary excitement would give way to calm once the hook was seen to hold and anchor bearings were confirmed steady, but next morning would bring renewed excitement, for now it was time to survey with clarity what the night had hidden or let loom close. Two thrills for the price of one, or so it seemed.

This worked well when having another guest aboard, for it allowed two adults to sleep comfortably. My young daughter Heidi slept forward on a little platform, euphemistically called the V-berth. I would do the sailing during the night, and go to sleep in the cockpit after anchoring, the awning keeping off the dew. It didn't work in rainy weather, for the wide cockpit, the gunwale forming its coaming, made it hard to get full protection from the awning. On the Chesapeake, an awning is a must, and ours was in constant use when at anchor, rain or shine.

"Favonian's" cabin was cozy, a term brokers use to describe cramped. But I tore out one fixed bunk, replaced it with a very low, narrow bench, and built a pipe berth that would fold up and serve as backrest during the day, giving a very comfortable sitting place typically absent in the low freeboard boats of yesteryear. This may seem foreign to younger sailors, accustomed to high freeboard, reverse sheer, standing headroom in 20 footers, replete with dinette and fully enclosed heads. I

would like to believe "Favonian" made this up with performance, but her displacement of perhaps 4000 lb., heavy by today's standard, limited her top speed. It took a lot of wind to push her over 6 knots, and at that point her displacement seemed puny, a 30 ton boat is what I wanted under those conditions.

But I do remember a tacking duel with another boat, a modern sloop of the same length, a lighter keel-centerboarder from the hand of a designer very famous then. We had the width of the bay available, so each tack was perhaps three to four miles. There was a good breeze, and I had learned to get "Favonian" to sail herself by lashing the tiller, and came up from behind, matched tacks, and pulled away, touching the tiller only when tacking.

It may not have been any one thing that made the boat seem so handy, but it may have been the combination of happy little traits. The ease of bending sail, the simple rig, not needing the engine, made getting underway so easy and quick that the fuss was never a deterrent to frequent use. The ghosting ability in particular made it possible not to have to fuss with frequent sail changes, for "Favonian" did it well with and without the "jenny." Carrying her way once sail was dropped, or when luffing, made docking under sail a pleasure, something of a skill that has all but disappeared, and I have seen so-called sailors even argue against it as unsafe.

"Favonian" did inspire confidence in a breeze. Being homeward bound after five days of cruising in October, we set out with an ominous, inky sky. We weren't quite prepared, the first squall catching us while still eating breakfast, but luckily, it was forgiving, only dumping 10 or 20 buckets full of water into the partly reefed

mainsail. We had a deeply reefed main and small jib when the second one struck, and we thought we were ready. The fury of the wind proved too much for the sails bent.

First the ensign, sewn to the leach of the main, carried away. While "Favonian" charged off on some undesired direction, a batten worked loose and took off to leeward. Before the reefed main could be muzzled the letters in the sail literally blew away! Only later could I collect my thoughts to note how much fun it would be to tell that one around the winter fireplace. But under jib only we bore off and made 50 n.m. in about 10 hours, while hearing tornado warnings issued for the land we were approaching to seek shelter.


The wind's fury only increased; I finally had to strike even the bitty jib because the boat shook so violently, yet we still did not feel overwhelmed, and managed to skip over a shoal, the water being high, find a creek mouth, and drop two anchors in relative safety, later improved by kind fishermen who towed us a couple hundred feet further to the leeside of a sturdy dock, where I doubled up on my mooring lines before sinking into a deserved sleep. Elsewhere, we might have been in real trouble, but it would not have been the fault of "Favonian", she saw us safely through the worst, and thus inspired the faith I still feel for her.

Are these memories only? Are these experiences we all learn at some point, with different boats, different events, different circumstances? Who's to say? In my case, the wonderful cruises in other boats owned have not diminished my respect for "Favonian" so perhaps it wasn't just fortune. I am ready to try it again, if opportunity presents, what about you?



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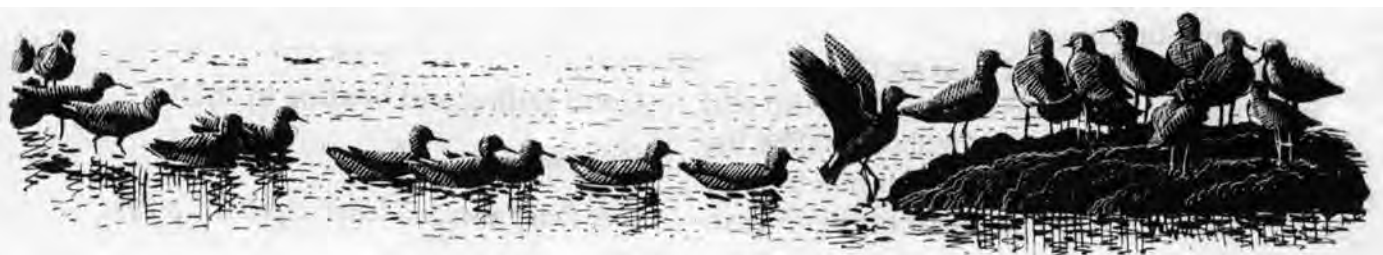
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One winter, about four years ago, I “won” an auction on eBay. I was the winning bidder on a boat that looks like a cross between a Friendship Sloop and a Catboat with a gaff headed sloop rig. It came with a roadworthy HD trailer and a like new set of sails. I bought (won) this because I was quite certain we would be sailing it the following season. But that wasn’t the case, I ended up tarping it for those four years due to some family commitments. Last season we were ready to sail but I was not able to secure a slip at any of the local marinas, even with my name on a half dozen waiting lists.

This year I found an available slip. This spring I spent a lot of time getting the boat ready for its launch. In early July I got the boat and trailer registered and ready to take to the ramp and launch and rig her for this season. This seemed to be going very well. That all changed after launching this boat off the trailer on July 11.

The lovely and talented Naomi and I slid the boat into the water and tied off next to the launch ramp. We cleared the cockpit of all unnecessary items, got the lines ready to tie off to our new slip and started the outboard. She started right up and we were on our way. Well, sorta.

As we pushed off I put her in reverse and backed into the channel (Buffalo City Ship Canal) and the motor quit as I put it into forward gear. It refused to start. We drifted to a nearby marina and found an empty slip. We tied up to see if we could get the outboard restarted. While I was trying to restart the outboard, what Naomi found was astounding. She opened the cabin doors to go below to look for more dock line, only to see there was a foot and a half of water in the boat. She calmly stated, “WE ARE SINKING, LOOK!” So I did and was rather surprised to see that much water in the boat. This boat has a fiberglass hull, no wood to swell up. I was more surprised to learn I could not find where it was coming in from.

As we started to do some bailing with 5gal buckets some other slip owners arrived to see our dilemma. One went to get a sump pump, only to return stating he could not find any. We were bailing all that time and we were fading fast from the heat and the weight of the bailing. We threw a few more buckets of water over the side, pulled the outboard

Reality



Eagles Can’t Swim

By Greg Grundtisch

and tank and raced to the nearest big box store to buy a pump.

We returned with the pump to see the boat was still floating. Great luck! Well, sorta. We connected the pump and found it was not keeping up with the water coming in. We did some more bailing and went back to get another pump. We returned, a little too late, as we found our Herreshoff Eagle sunk at the slip. We also learned that the boat nearly took the slip down with her. A very helpful man in the slip next to it cut some of the lines and secured some others and saved some real damage to the slip and dock. Likely saved us some money, too, in damages.

It turned out the slip we were in was empty because the owner had planned to launch this boat the next day. We had to raise it and get it out soon. The solution was to call a local tow salvage company, aka Pirates! In a couple of hours the boat was lifted with straps and inflatable bags and then pumped out and brought a couple of hundred feet back to the ramp and placed on the trailer. The total cost was nothing short of shocking. Pirates, definitely pirates!

Now for the embarrassing part, as if all this wasn’t enough. Once the boat was put on the trailer I noticed a stream of water pouring out near the centerboard slot. Yes, yes, oh yes! There was a hole right next to it. That hole was the garboard drain plug. Who knew it was there, who knew it wasn’t plugged? I didn’t know there was one there. We had never launched the boat before and never pulled the boat out before. I never saw it or knew of its whereabouts. That open hole was covered in the bilge with a half dozen heavy lead ballast ingots, 750lbs of them. We

The Dream



couldn’t have seen it anyway. The previous owner apparently had removed the plug for some reason (hopefully non nefarious) and never put it back in. Surprise!

So I trailered it back home and reconsidered whether we should be sailing or take up a different outdoor activity. Maybe we were destined to be somewhere in the mountains, camping in the woods or hiking in the dry desert. My boat karma is way off. In a few days I got to work cleaning it out. There really wasn’t any damage to the boat, just to what was left of any pride I may have had making this pretty boat ready to sail. There was some mud and gunk and a few little fish-eys giving off a very pungent aroma after a few days in the warm sun, not unlike the fish hold of a banks schooner.

I thought it gave the boat a little character but Naomi thought not. She does a lot of thinking. She thought to tell me that I should pay more attention to details. She thought to tell me that I should be more prepared for any occurrence, no matter how implausible it may seem. She thought to tell me that fiberglass boats sink, too, no matter how unlikely that may seem. She thought to ask me why no bilge pump and battery? It wouldn’t have kept up but it may have slowed the inflow enough to return with the second pump, she thought. There was a lot to think about.

The boat is now back in the slip and floating. We now need to figure out how to raise the mast. It is on a pivot on a deck post. It is much longer and heavier than a Herreshoff America (catboat), its predecessor. It is aluminum and about 32’ long. It is quite heavy with all the rigging and our first attempt to just walk it up did not work. It is just too heavy. Naomi is currently thinking about a solution to this problem. I’m sure in a few days we will be rigged and sailing.

Then she said, “I think we should start looking for another wooden boat. The ones we had in the past never sank and they all leaked.” Now there’s a thought! We do have a wooden Seabird Yawl stored on a cradle that we are trying to find a home for. Maybe we need to think about that. Maybe.

For some design details and really good photos of Eagles under sail, Google Herreshoff Eagle.

Reality



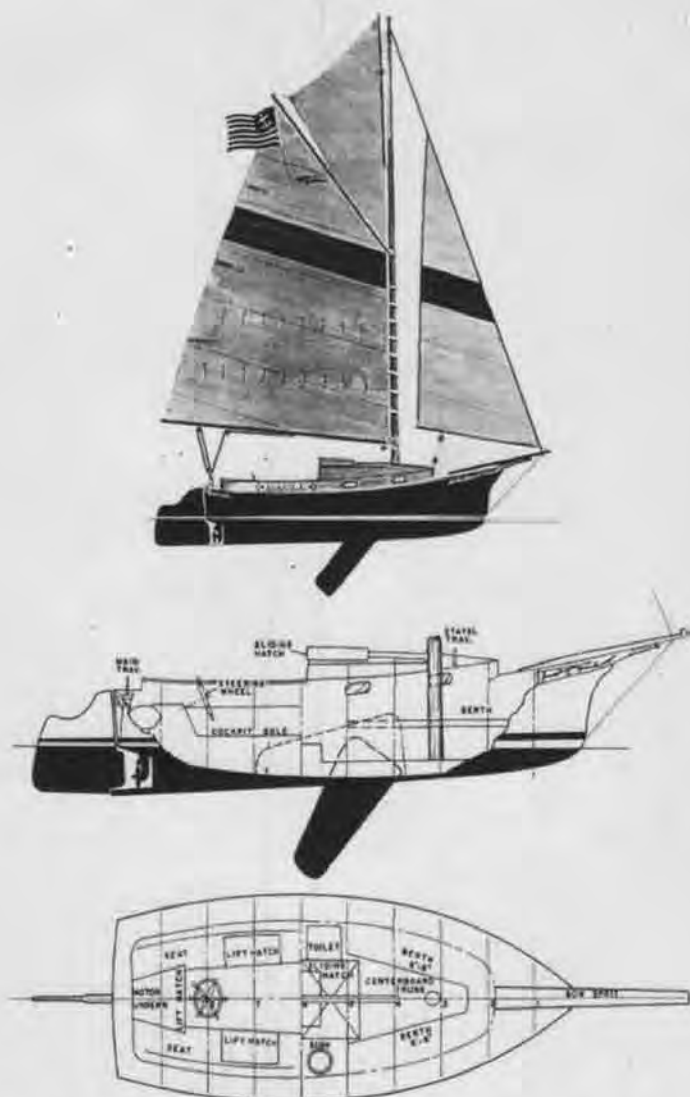
The Viper Scraper

By Greg Grundtisch

This is one of the best tools I've purchased in a long time. It is so simple and easy to use. It is made from extremely strong dense plastic and has a very sharp replaceable blade. The handle is light and comfortable to use for extended periods and, unlike other scrapers, this connects to a shop vacuum. It makes for minimum dust and a mess free floor. No chips and such to clean up. It scrapes on the pull stroke and the blades stay sharp a very long time. There are also blades that can be changed for using on a push stroke as well.

The best part is the cost. It is only \$29 with an excellent guarantee and with an extra blade included. Additional blades can also be purchased separately for push or pulling the tool. It doesn't look like much from the pictures and I was doubtful when I was told about it. But I was wrong. It works great. It makes paint and varnish scraping quick and easy. This thing is worth every penny and it will likely last a very long time.

It may change your opinion about scraping paint. It can be bought directly from Oneida Air systems (oneidaairsystem.com) and Amazon or Google Viper Scraper and it can be purchased from several other sellers online. You will not be disappointed with tool. The first thing you will say to yourself is why didn't I think of that.



Hull Type: Keel/Cbrd.

LOA: 22.00' / 6.71m

Beam: 8.16' / 2.49m

Draft (max.): 4.00' / 1.22m

Displacement: 2700 lbs. / 1225 kgs.

Sail Area/Disp.1: 26.47

Designer: Halsey Herreshoff

Builder: Nowak & Williams (USA)

Construction: FG

First Built: 1976

Mast Height from DWL: 32.50' / 9.91m

BUILDERS (past & present)

More about & boats built by:

DESIGNER

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RELATED LINKS

[Herreshoff Eagle Owners](#)

NOTES

Same hull as HERRESHOFF AMERICA but with clipper bow and gaffhead sloop rig.

Later built by:

Squadron Yachts, Bristol, RI

Nauset Marine, Orleans, MA

Rig Type: Gaffhead Sloop

LWL: 18.00' / 5.49m

Listed SA: 320 ft² / 29.73 m²

Draft (min.): 1.83' / 0.56m

Ballast: 700 lbs. / 318 kgs.

Disp./Len.: 206.68

Bal./Disp.: 25.96%

Bal. type: Lead

Built:

[Nowak and Williams](#)

[Halsey Herreshoff](#)

www.herreshoffeagle.com

20' Boat, 14 People Onboard 5 Lifejackets

An Air Station Houston MH-65 Dolphin helicopter checks on the condition of passengers aboard a disabled 20' recreational vessel near Texas City, Texas. The vessel had eight adults and six children aboard with only five lifejackets available.



New fast Response Cutter Arrives in LA-LB

The Coast Guard Cutter *Forrest Rednour*, a Sentinel-Class Fast Response Cutter (FRC), arrives at its new homeport at Coast Guard Base Los Angeles-Long Beach, August 11, 2018. The *Forrest Rednour* is slated to be the first of four FRCs to be homeported at Base Los Angeles-Long Beach and is scheduled to be officially commissioned in the fall.



Our Coast Guard in Action

Leaking 46' Vessel Passengers Abandon Ship

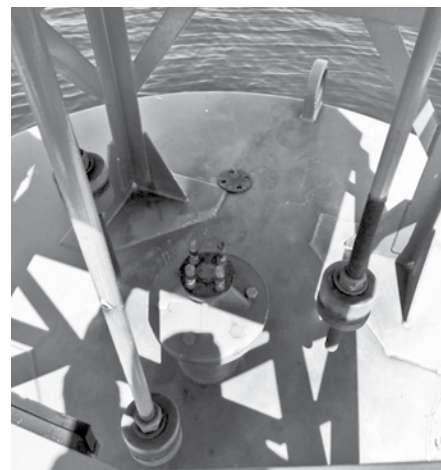
Station South Padre Island Coast Guard boat crew members transfer 17 passengers from the *Thunderbird*, a 46' charter vessel taking on water near South Padre Island, Texas, August 24, 2018. All passengers were wearing life jackets and transported to Sea Ranch Marina.



Maine Coast Buoy Bells Stolen

The Coast Guard is offering a cash reward for information concerning the theft of sound signaling devices from navigational buoys off Maine's coast. Over the last nine months, nine buoys had bells stolen in Penobscot Bay, Maine. The latest buoy vandalized is White Bull Lighted Gong Buoy where the 371lb bell assembly was missing. The buoy is located about two miles east of Bailey Island, Maine. The bells attached to buoys help mariners navigate safely during times of reduced visibility. They play a vital role in the safe passage of ships and mariners.

Anyone with information regarding the missing sound signaling devices is urged to contact the Coast Guard Sector Northern New England Command Center at (207) 767-0303. People who provide information leading to the arrest and conviction are eligible to receive up to one-half of the fine imposed.



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Traditional Small Craft Association
PO Box 350 Mystic, CT 06355

In the 1970s I built a 14', gaff headed cutter with some high relief sculpture and scrollwork on bow and stern. She was a splendid little centerboard boat with a lot of soul and I sailed her to every corner of Biscayne Bay. She provided many happy adventures in the early '70s period.

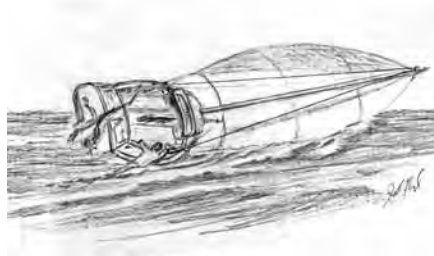
I recall once sailing down to Soldier Key to do an overnighter. The Key has a small concrete pier which I tied up to. In those days the key had a tall canopy of Australian pine trees and you could hear the sea breeze whisper through the branches. The downtown Miami skyline was mostly hidden from view by Key Biscayne and, in fact, there were not many tall buildings anywhere.

It was very peaceful in the lee of the pines as I viewed the sunset with serenity and pleasure while I dined on Pabst Blue Ribbon beer, hot dogs with plenty of mustard, baked beans and still more beer. As night fell I went to sleep in the bottom of the boat and had a peaceful night. In the morning, after breakfasting on Pabst Blue Ribbon beer, more hot dogs and mustard, beans and still more beer, I contemplated the trip back with anticipation.

A friend had given me a spinnaker from a Lightning which would give me a fair turn of speed on my return to Rockerman Canal in Coconut Grove. There, in the lee of the pines, the wind seemed perfect so I turned on the radio in the forward cuddy cabin to WTMI (the classical music station of that era) while I prepared to get underway. What could be better, the lovely day, my new spinnaker and Mozart. I didn't have a spinnaker pole so I improvised using two sheets, one on each side.

Too Much Spinnaker

By Jim Flood



The sail filled nicely as I cast off from the pier and eased out into the beautiful morning day. The breeze, the sea flashing by and good old Mozart in the cuddy cabin with one of his concertos, life was good. As I came out of the lee on Soldier Key, the wind greatly increased in strength and my equanimity was replaced with a vague feeling of alarm, like having an angry iguana by the tail. The trouble was, there was nothing to stabilize the sail. As the boat rolled to starboard, the sail also swung to starboard as well, prolonging the roll, then to port, the sail would whip to port as well. I tried to compensate with the helm, which was becoming a full time contest just to stay upright.

Through all this travail Mozart played on blissfully in the cuddy cabin. I didn't dare leave the helm or we'd be over in a heartbeat, so I had no way to douse the sail or pull down

the centerboard (damned if I did, damned if I didn't). We proceeded in this fashion for five minutes or so until the inevitable happened, the sail jerked the whole boat right over on its starboard beam ends. I didn't want to sink her so, as the boat rolled over, I jumped out and grabbed the lee rail. All through this good old Mozart continued playing in the cuddy, which was just as well, I thought.

For the next five minutes, while I took stock of my new situation, the boat, which hadn't shipped any water due to my jumping out, continued at about 7kts, sailing on her side with me hanging on for dear life and good old Mozart continued playing in the cuddy cabin. I decided finally to work my way forward hand over hand until I got to the foremast. I then grabbed the jib halyard and desperately undid the halyard from the cleat. The sail collapsed, the boat popped back up on her lines and, in an instant, using the momentum, I catapulted myself back on board.

As I sat on the bottom of the boat, my mood improved to utter bravado and thankfulness as good old Mozart continued to play in the cuddy. My mood improved still further when I discovered that my beer supply was intact and there was no damage anywhere. I then changed the spinnaker, retrieving it from under the boat, and I put up a more sensible jib and forestaysail combination. I vowed to give spinnakers without spinnaker poles a wide berth henceforth. Life was even better than before. Good old Mozart, the lovely day, Pabst beer, a sterling boat under me floating right side up and a kind God who had just given me another chance at life.

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Environment

One of the most beautiful sights in Middle America is the Driftless Zone. For the uninitiated, the Driftless Zone is the area in South-eastern Minnesota, Southwestern Wisconsin and Northeastern Iowa that was not planed smooth by glaciers. The soil, called "drift," is the product of what the glaciers pushed ahead of them and what was left behind when they melted. During the deluge of melted ice, the Mississippi was several miles wide and hundreds of feet deep, the streams and rivers that emptied into Ol' Muddy were equally mammoth, carving deep valleys and leaving bluffs and hills over 500' high all along the bluffs. Eventually this became the site of the Great Hardwood Forest.

Many Indian tribes lived along the rivers until the French fur traders and mountain men hit the region shortly after the *Mayflower* smacked the rock. In the late 1600s posts were established near Pig's Eye (St Paul), present day Chicago and Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

Unfortunately, after decades and decades of dumping raw sewage, lead (huge lead mines exist near Dubuque), mercury and eventually complex organic plastic residues, the waters and lands around the rivers were horribly polluted. Then, during the 1930s the government decided to make St Paul to St Louis a manageable avenue for commerce by building dozens of locks and dams on the Mississippi that created pools of stagnant water above the locks and totally altered the normal flow of the river. This, in turn, exceedingly impacted the environment moving certain fish to faster water, forcing some to slow currents, allowing others to increase population, making various mollusks disappear and others to multiply to nuisance levels. Turtles, birds, wild flowers, trees and all living things changed very rapidly.

Today a veritable war over this section of the Mississippi exists among several groups. Farmers who plant row crops to the banks of streams and rivers, Ag Chemical Companies that earn billions of dollars annually, Big Manufacturing (such as the late Ford truck plant in Minnesota and 3M) and river transport companies form the Money Group. A second group is the over the top environmentalists who want to put the Mississippi and all her tributaries back to the way they were when only Indians lived in the area. Purists all, they fight every attempt to improve dams, challenge all businesses along the passages and are intensely vocal. The Tree Huggers are adroit at legal finagling and delaying tactics. The third collection of interested folk are pragmatists who love the Driftless Region, want to protect the environment and attempt to find solutions for problems and acceptable middle ground between the other groups. The Pragmatists lack the deep pockets of the Money Group and are held in contempt by the Tree Huggers.

Bluntly, Money and Tree Huggers detest each other (perhaps rightly so) and spend fortunes protecting their claims. The Pragmatists, especially DNR and the Interior Department, have no clout to do much. Thus, the most unusual corridor of Middle America worthy of any boat or canoe trip is left struggling. Unacceptable.

Great Rivers

A La Crosse, Wisconsin,° man was charged with selling endangered Blanding's turtles to a Florida pet store. A bicyclist who



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

saw him take the little beasties turned him in to authorities. The turtles are selling for over \$700 each. Is this a new kind of snobbishness? My pet turtle is more expensive than yours!

Since 1946 Wisconsin and Minnesota have had a running dispute on fishing regulations. If you are on the Mississippi and in Wisconsin waters you must have a Wisconsin license and obey Wisconsin laws. But if you happen to cross the imaginary line in the middle of the river, you better have a Minnesota license and obey their laws. This really complicates things like limits and size of fish taken.

Stupidity aside, the two states have finally decided that it would behoove them to come to some sort of agreement on fishing in the Big River. The neighbors are in the planning stage, you know, deciding on the size of the discussion room, lighting, whether the table should be round or square, should the meeting be in one of the states or in a neutral site such as Iowa, you get the drift.

The Minnesota DNR has declared that no fish from Lake Elmo in Minneapolis should be eaten due to PFCs, compliments of 3M. They also issued warnings about Lake Harriet, Lake of the Isles, Bde Maka Ska (Lake Calhoun) and Twin Lake. These urban lakes are wonderful sailing and canoeing sites but I wouldn't go swimming in them.

Silica sand is Big River Business because of the essential need of it for fracking. Pattison Sand Co (a part of the Pattison Companies that include grain storage, transportation on barges and a lot of other things) in Clayton, Iowa (a town of about 200 people), has dug a tunnel for about 500 railroad cars. They removed about 10 million tons of limestone in the process. The company can stockpile up to 8,000 tons of sand and use a 500-ton per hour conveyor to load railroad cars. Unfortunately, Pattison has the worst mine safety record in the country. Between 2005 and 2016 it recorded 934 violations of the Mine Safety and Health Administration regulations.

For truth in reporting, I must admit that Bernie Pattison is a member of the Board of Trustees at Upper Iowa University and a major benefactor of the school. He lives next to the University and has donated significant monies and land to UIU. I was Academic Dean at Upper Iowa and was quite well acquainted personally and socially with Mr Pattison. Furthermore, some of my relatives work for him.

Water News

Hobie, the ubiquitous water sports manufacturer, has cooked up a new standup paddleboard with handlebars, pedals and a rudder. Pedal powered, the craft can be steered by the handlebars. It comes apart nicely for easy storage and travel. Speed is up to your ability to pedal fast. Not for lazy people who just want to float around and drink beer.

Audio is a top priority for the fast boat people. WiFi, Pandora, Digital Signal Process-

ing and PartyBus capability are a must. Color touch screen functionality is a requirement. Fusion's Apollo RA770 has a 4.3" screen, water protection and a Class D amp. It also features two RCA auxiliary inputs, a SPDIF port for TV audio output, one Ethernet port, one USB port for phone charging and one Sirius XM port. It also has six language settings. Is that not just what every catfish hunter and worm killer needs on his jonboat?

It seems that all the boat magazines are spewing forth articles on the joys of kayak fishing (fishing FROM kayaks, not fishing FOR kayaks). From my perspective, just trying to maintain balance is a chore, I cannot fathom trying to cast, catch and net anything larger than a goldfish while precariously balancing my body in a kayak.

Vetus announced their new bow thruster, the Bow 285. It only costs \$21,500. My WW Potter 15 needs one for sure.

Evinrude managed a Guinness World Book of Records stunt of 32 barefoot water skiers simultaneously skiing on the Wolf River in Shawano, Wisconsin. Using three Evinrude E-Tec G2 300hp motors behind a single boat, they won the coveted (?) honor.

Toledo, Ohio, is known for more than being Cpl Klinger's (MASH) hometown, it also is the home of the National Museum of the Great Lakes featuring all the goodies one would expect for a museum about boats and business on the largest fresh water lakes in the world. The *Col James M. Schoonmaker*, a freighter, is berthed there for self guided tours. My wife, who hates all things water, wants a vacation. It might be a decent destination before the scourging.

Shantyboatliving.com has all the information and news one could possibly need about the construction, purchase, use, accessories, docks, etc and living aboard a shantyboat. Once considered the lowest of river life, these are now quite picturesque, fashionable and rather plush. Think of them as Tiny Homes that float.

With lakeside or riverside land running from \$30,000 upward, the idea of a floating cabin suddenly makes a lot of sense. Plans for a simple shack or a really incredible wooden boat exist in piles at the touch of a computer key. They look easy to build, however, the easier it looks, the more difficult the task (#1 of the Davy Jones Laws of Boating). It is worthy of a couple of hours on the Big Mac or HP.

Yet another stream has taken on an orange color. Instead of puke brown or crappy green, Crow Creek, near Davenport, Iowa, has turned a lovely shade of orange thanks to the coloration of the colored pigments used in mulch. The water, tested by DNR, showed itself to be in excellent shape and no damage to fish or wildlife. Wouldn't Picasso have had a ball with orange creeks!

Gray Fleet

The Navy consistently delivers head-scratching decisions that cause more baldness than chemotherapy. The Aviation Wing has been the Alpha Dog since World War II and it has been fully supported by Big Business, the GOP and the South in general. Carriers are immensely costly and the idea of building new ships make politicians and businessmen go into paroxysms of orgasmic delight. Even Cedar Rapids, Iowa, loves the Aviation Wing because virtually all Navy planes use Rockwell Collins avionics made right here in the heartland.

Certain minds within the military are officially and openly challenging whether the aircraft carrier is a viable weapon in the 21st century. Certain professors at the Naval War College maintain that carriers' impact ended with WWII. As mentioned several times, Sen John McCain was the first political figure to openly question the need for carriers. China's "carrier killer" D-21 missile is unstoppable at this point in time. In 1900, Sir John (Jackie) Fisher warned the British Navy that new technologies (mines and torpedoes) made current strategy invalid. Fisher demanded innovation, flexible strategies, massive reforms and recognition of harsh realities.

The War College is promoting a need for realistic strategic choices about sea control. The Navy needs to identify, attract, educate and mentor great leaders who may be on the fringes of generally accepted "types" of officers. Nelson's turning a blind eye to signal flags and attacking instead of retreating is a modest example. Buckminster Fuller got the boot from Annapolis because he stated that when two ships collide there is an upward motion as well as the normal sideways motion. That wasn't the textbook way of thinking. He also showed that design rather than structural material strength is tougher (think geodesic dome). Perhaps it is time to rethink aviation in the Navy.

In the world of technology Boeing introduced Echo Voyager, a 51' unmanned, untethered underwater (UUV) vehicle capable of 8 knots and a 6,500 mile endurance usable for a plethora of missions. The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the super secret technology department on research and technology, is trying to develop communications systems into terrestrial C4ISR networks. China evidently has the Haiyi underwater glider that is scaring the pants off engineers at DARPA.

Naval History

Several years ago the *USS Vincennes* (CG-49) shot down a civilian aircraft with 256 passengers taking off from Iraq. The targeting officer firmly argued that the plane was an F-14 Tomcat headed directly toward the ship, he also argued that the plane had refused to respond to identification queries and it was descending rather than ascending. His equipment backed his beliefs. Crew stated that the plane was "squawking transponder signals of a military aircraft." Unfortunately, the skipper fired two missiles that brought down the airliner.

The final report of the investigation showed that sailors interpreted everything through a trigger happy war oriented frame of mind. The plane was not descending, it was not on a military radio frequency and thus heard no query, the pilot had no indication that he was heading toward an American warship and the US identification equipment was not operating at 100%. With only four minutes to make the decision, Captain William Rogers III, relied on his crew and fired the shots.

The report's crystal clear evidence shows that humans were fallible, especially with biased thinking. Equipment was also fallible. Crews and officers must be cognizant of these issues at all times and equipment must challenge thinking of the humans while the humans must be willing to challenge the data from equipment.

Captain James Bryant USN (ret) recently wrote an intriguing article in the *US*

Naval Institute's Proceedings on the sinking of the *USS Thresher* (SSN-593) 55 years ago. He is demanding that all classified documents on the incident be released, not only because of time but because sporadic data has already found its way into the public domain. Specifically, the low frequency recording grams (LoFAR) were recorded by others than the Americans. The Canadians paper based time vs frequency plots produced by Sound Surveillance System (SOSUS) were received at Naval Station *HMCS Shelbourne*.

Among the accusations made by Captain Bryant is that Admiral Hyman Rickover, the father of the nuclear navy, threw his weight around to ensure all data and reports were highly classified, he also made grammatical corrections altering words like "were" to "maybe were" or definitive data labeled "inconclusive." The shipbuilders and subcontractors were also in full cover up mode. Lt Bruce Rule, SOSUC analyst who left the Navy to spend 42 years as acoustic analyst for the Office of Naval Intelligence, was the primary investigator of noises made by engines, props, cavitations and all things underwater. Much of his data and testimony was redacted from the report.

What is known is that *Thresher's* overhaul included silver brazed pipe joints but only 145 were tested with a 14% failure rate. Rule's report noted over 100 noises that indicated compartment flooding, however, the Army, 30 miles from the submarine, did not detect flooding but did hear main circulation pumps (MCP) and main ballast tank (MBT) blows. One conjecture is that the stern planes were stuck in a dive position. The normal procedure would be to blow both the MCPs and the MBTs.

The timeline is interesting unto itself. 0900 SOSUS detected slow changes of speed, 48 seconds later the skipper blew his MBT. The Navy noted that the MBT was smaller than on most submarines in order to increase speed, therefore, *Thresher* was built negatively buoyant instead of neutrally buoyant. A MBT blow would not have brought the sub to the surface without some engine power behind it. Worse, the *Thresher* class submarines get 1,000lbs heavier every 100' of depth due to hull compression that reduces ship volume.

Additional problems may have occurred. The Marotta Company built strainers for filtering airflow to engines. After the fact they pressured these strainers and discovered that if they ruptured no damage was seen, but if they collapsed they blocked airflow causing engine damage. Incredibly, no one on the crew knew that these strainers were placed on the ship!

At 0911 the Main Circulation Pumps suddenly stopped, causing a reactor scram. At 0913 the Captain signaled, "Experiencing minor difficulties. Have positive angle. Am attempting to blow up. Will keep you informed." Almost immediately the sub was at or below test depth. At 0914 the sub attempted a second blow. At 0917 he signaled "900 North," evidently meaning he was 900' below test depth. At 0918 the sounds of a submarine hull imploding with the energy of approximately 22,500 pounds of TNT. The collapse took 47 milliseconds or less than 1/20th of a second.

Not mentioned in the article but told me by Captain Peter Welch (USNR ret), a submariner who sailed on a *Thresher* class sub, the "Chicken Switches" that operate the 5,000psi Emergency Blow System had dis-

charge points too small and they froze up with condensation and deep water temperatures. They could not get buoyant.

White Fleet

TUI just ordered two new cruise ships from Fincantieri (Italian shipbuilder). These will be the two biggest vessels in the TUI lineup and the biggest to be built by the Italians. At 161,000 tons these twin behemoths will run on LNG.

Gibraltar is becoming the hot spot for tourists and cruise lines alike because of the benefits for each. The former can buy a substantial amount of tax free items and the ship gets to buy fuel and supplies tax free, too. Over 400,000 people will hit the Rock this year, compliments of 350 ships.

A quick and dirty survey of the White Fleet notes that the industry has 70 different cruise lines consisting of 350 ships with an additional 100 ordered to be built. Passenger capacity is growing by 50%. Suppliers' earnings are ballooning. Carnival alone spent over \$1 billion on food and beverage in 2017.

My neighbor retired from the Art Department at Mount Mercy University across the street from us. He used to spend his summers in Mexico and his art had a distinctly Hispanic flare. I could not help but notice that they never seemed to be at home and naturally assumed he and his high school art teacher wife were down south. Wrong, they had found a wonderful retirement job on cruise ships. They were hired to run art classes onboard. He managed to work with adults on everything from sculpture to drawing while his wife did art projects for the kiddies. They loved the job, made an attractive retirement income and had the chance to travel. Most gigs were a week or less and it was not particularly difficult work. One drawback was that they were considered "crew" and their quarters were small and drab and they weren't allowed off the ship in many ports.

Jobs aboard cruise ships abound. A quick perusal of Disney showed they had several vacancies including chef, Human Resource manager and an IT analyst. I often dreamed of working on ships during my collegiate summers but I ended up going to summer school seven of the nine years I spent in undergraduate and graduate education.

Holland America discovered they were missing a passenger when he failed to report to the ship's doctor as scheduled. Evidently he committed suicide or was intoxicated and fell overboard somewhere along the line near Glacier Bay. Holland America stated that this was their first loss in 25 years. Not all the suicides and drunken overboard folks tend to prefer warmer waters of the Caribbean on a Carnival Cruise Line ship.

A recent DUCW boat ride turned tragic when it was caught in a heavy storm on a lake causing it to fill with water. The freeboard on these tourist boats is not particularly high and the waves soon swamped the boat. The big issue raised was the canvas overhead that trapped so many people. Many of the deceased could not swim and probably panicked when they floated up into the overhead as the boat sank.

I am getting close to reaching a goal I've been working towards for a few years now, sailing a beach cruising boat that I built myself, a Core Sound 17. If all goes well, I will be sea trialing the boat sometime this fall. I intend to have the boat at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in October. I named my boat *Arjay* in memory of my dad, who passed away after a good, long life as I was beginning this project. Although he was a career naval officer, my dad was not a sailboat sailor. He did encourage my interest, though, and gave me boat building books as gifts. My dad was not a flashy guy but he was rock solid, a "straight arrow" in the best sense of that expression. Thinking about him inspired my construction and finishing choices as I built the boat.

The Core Sound 17 was designed by Graham Byrnes of B&B Yacht Designs. I chose to build this design after a long and very enjoyable process of considering the merits of several designs, building and sailing each of them many times in my mind. I've been fortunate to own and sail several other beach cruisers for comparison. When I started this project I was sailing my third Sea Pearl 21, a boat design I know pretty well. I have also previously owned and sailed a Dovekie, a Drascombe Scaffie, a Wayfarer and two catboats, an Arey's Pond 14' cat and a 15' Marshall Sandpiper. The Core Sound 17 design seemed the best fit with my mental mix of things I liked and didn't like in my other boats.

I wanted:

A light boat. I keep my boats on a floating platform in a neighborhood marina. Using a winch I have pulled boats weighing more than 1,000lbs onto my float but it isn't fun. At less than 500lbs the Core Sound 17 is easy. To paraphrase the late, great Robb White, "I never had a boat I wished weighed a single pound more."

A fast boat. A multihull would be faster but I wanted a monohull. The Core Sound 17 will plane in the right conditions.

A boat I could handle in all reasonable conditions by myself. Most of my sailing is singlehanded. I wanted a boat that was easy to heave to and easy to reef. A boat with a mizzen like the Core Sound 17 was ideal.

A boat I could self rescue from a capsize. With the exception of my Wayfarer, my previous beach cruisers would all have been difficult, if not impossible, to self rescue from a capsize. Because of this I sail conservatively and have not (yet) unintentionally capsized any of my beach cruisers. There was a lot of information on the web about capsizing and recovering the Core Sound 17. The capability to self rescue was clearly part of the boat's design. Recently B&B Yacht Designs held a "Capsize Camp" to help people practice capsizing and recovering their boats. Some great videos and discussion of the event can be seen at: <https://messingabout.com/forums/topic/10564-bbs-firstannual-cpsize-camp-july20-22/>.

A boat without a permanent cabin. I wanted room to daysail four people, short term camp cruise two and circumnavigate (the Chesapeake Bay) one. I like a big comfortable cockpit for just laying around. Nailability is an important consideration in a beach cruiser. A permanent cabin would also add weight and increase the complexity and time to build the boat. I have designed and sewn a few boat covers and tents. I'm looking forward to building my "ultimate boat

Building My Core Sound 17

By Brian Forsyth
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*



camping tent" for the Core Sound 17.

A sailboat that could also be rowed and motored. I am still struggling on my journey to become a sail and oar purist. I really want to be one but I have had many experiences while camp cruising where I was really glad I had a small motor, usually the ubiquitous 2hp air cooled Honda outboard (I've owned three). Most of my sailing is from my neighborhood marina at the head of a mile long and frequently windless, narrow creek. Without the motor to get me out to the river, there are days when I just wouldn't have gone out. All that motor talk aside, I wanted my new beach cruiser to have good oars and oarlocks that I could use to maneuver up creeks and row for a mile or so in calm conditions.



I had previously built a few stitch-and-glue and skin-on-frame kayaks and a couple of plywood skiffs. I'd also done lots of repairs and mods on some of my other boats and taken some courses at WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine. When I retired in 2014 I began volunteering in the boatshop at the Calvert Marine Museum, Solomons, Maryland, where I've been able to do a wide variety of boat carpentry and finishing. So I felt pretty comfortable skillwise to tackle any of the well documented small boat designs. In addition to the Core Sound 17 my short list of other designs I seriously considered included the:

Iain Oughtred Arctic Tern and Caledonia Yawl; John Welsford Navigator and Pathfinder; Francois Vivier Seil 18 and Ilur. Over the course of several years I purchased full plans for the Core Sound 17 and the Welsford Navigator, and study plans for the Vivier Seil 18.

I made the decision to build the Core Sound 17 and in October 2016 I drove down to B&B's October "messabout" in Bayboro, North Carolina, and picked up the CNC-cut kit, aluminum mast kit and sails. Support from Graham, his wife Carla and Alan Stewart at B&B was outstanding throughout the process of getting my kits and building the boat. There is a great B&B Yachts Forum at <https://messing-about.com/forums/forum/8-b-amp-b-yachts-forum> with lots of info on

previous builds and active support from Graham, Alan and a core group of experienced B and B builders. Alan also has a very detailed video series on YouTube showing how to build a Core Sound 15, with lots of tips and tricks applicable to any of the Core Sound designs.



Getting some help with sanding from my daughter Emma.

My biggest remaining hurdle was finding a place to build the boat. My garage was not big enough, besides already being home to a car, canoes and bikes. My neighborhood (which I otherwise love) has covenants that wouldn't allow building a temporary boat shed in my backyard.

By January 2017 I had been a volunteer in the boatshop at the Calvert Marine Museum for two and a half years. The boatshop volunteers are organized as a Traditional Small Craft Association Chapter called the Patuxent Small Craft Guild. There are roughly a dozen of us. We work on Tuesdays and Saturdays and are primarily responsible for maintaining the museum's large skipjack, *The Dee of St. Mary's*, and several other historic watercraft. The Guild has built historic replicas and restored some of the boats in Museum's collection to working condition as in the water exhibits.

We do "boat building by appointment" with individuals, families or other groups who want to build a small skiff or canoe. We do camps for middle school age kids where they build their own boats from a variety of materials. We pre fab parts for over a thousand toy boats that get built at the museum every year and we also build and restore boats for paying customers to raise money for tools and supplies and to support the camps. In addition to the volunteers, the museum has one part time paid employee, George Surgent, an experienced professional boat builder, to ride herd on all of this.



Doing one of several turnovers.

The boatshop can physically accommodate two or possibly three large projects at a time. I made a proposal to the museum staff to allow me to build my Core Sound 17 in the boatshop in return for a donation. This was approved and I began scarfing the plywood

hull panels in the boatshop on January 3, 2017. I originally thought I would be out of the shop in three months. I eventually launched the boat at the museum and rowed it home to my marina slip on December 19, 2017.

I could not have built my boat without the very generous support of the Calvert Marine Museum and my fellow Patuxent Small Craft Guild members. While I did most of the work alone in the shop, having a willing crew of hands for jobs like turning the boat (several times) was invaluable. Guild members generously gave me some hardware items and materials to complete the boat. Museum artist Tim Scheirer did the artwork and put the name on the boat. Their best gift though was “space.” For the eleven plus months my boat was in the shop, it was the gray elephant in the room. Folks had to maneuver around it while working on their jobs.



Using (almost) every clamp in the shop to attach the coaming.

Within the Guild we are great at helping each other but they understood and respected my desire to build my own boat. There wasn't any kibitzing. When I did need advice, I could tap a bottomless well of experience. I could not have found a more perfect situation to build the boat.

As it turned out, I had many opportunities to “pay it forward.” While the museum is open seven days per week, the boatshop is normally only open for visitors on Tuesday and Saturdays, the days the Guild members work. I worked on my boat pretty much every day and whenever I did the boatshop was open for visitors. I talked with hundreds of visitors over the course of the build. The museum graphics folks made me a display describing my boat and its cat ketch rig, linking it to his-

Out of the shop 19 December 2017. Note wreath on the lighthouse.



toric types used on the Chesapeake Bay. This sign included a few photos of what my boat would look like when it was done. This was very helpful in explaining to visitors what I was doing. I lost a few batches of epoxy talking to folks when I should have been spreading but I really enjoyed these conversations and I think many of the visitors did, too.



Sanding primer on the gray whale in my makeshift spray tent.

I documented over a thousand hours building my boat. Some of that time certainly was spent in the “moaning chair,” actually a galley bench removed from a 19th century Solomons built schooner. Some of it was spent steam bending walnut coamings. Some was spent building a tent inside the shop so I could spray the topcoat I used on the boat. And a lot of time was spent sanding. I decided to go the full “epoxy encapsulation” route with this build, where every wood surface of the boat is covered with at least three coats of epoxy before finishing with primer and paint or varnish. This also means every hole in the boat to mount hardware got the “drill fill drill” treatment: 1) hole is drilled oversize, 2) hole is filled with epoxy and 3) the correct size hole for the fastener is drilled in the cured epoxy plug.



Full disclosure, going the “full epoxy” route was certainly a chore at times. There are other less tedious and messy ways to build small boats, including the Core Sound 17, but I wanted the protection, durability, and finish quality offered by epoxy encapsulation. Hopefully my grandchildren will get to appreciate my attention to detail and tolerance for drudge work.

Speaking of drudge work, I am a strong advocate of CNC-cut kits for plywood boats. Just prior to building the Core Sound 17 I built an Iain Oughtred Skerrieskiff 17 from plans. This is a pretty simple (but good looking) boat, a flat bottom and two strakes per side. The plans included full size patterns for the moulds (seven of them!) and stems. I didn't have to loft the boat but I had to spile the planks, which was fun, but a computer could do it just as well, probably better. Bottom line, even a simple boat like the Skerrieskiff 17 required hours of layout and jigsaw work to get out the plywood parts and there was some waste.

When I opened the crate of CNC-cut parts for Core Sound 17 I could not wipe the smile off my face. All those perfectly cut parts and finger jointed scarfs saved me a lot of time and contributed greatly to building an accurate, straight boat. I certainly don't feel like a computer built my boat for me. There was still plenty of measuring, cutting, fitting, fabrication and general problem solving to scratch all those itches. But cutting out plywood parts, I say, “let the computer do what the computer can do better.”

My other materials choices and sources included:

MAS epoxy from Chesapeake Light Craft, Annapolis, Maryland.

Solid timber framing (Douglas fir) and keel (sapele) from Exotic Lumber, Annapolis Maryland (yes, straight Douglas fir is exotic wood east of the Mississippi!).

Hardware and fastenings, all 316 stainless where I could, 304 for a few items. No structural metal fasteners in the boat except in the mast steps and the keel.

System Three Silvertip waterborne epoxy Yacht Primer, System Three QuikFair fairing compound, System Three water-reducible linear polyurethane (WR-LPU) topcoat. This was the first time I used two-part primers and paints and the first time I ever used a spray gun. Came out great. Lots of good info on the web and YouTube. Water cleanup with the System Three products is a big plus.

Russell Brown's book, *Epoxy Basics: Working with Epoxy Cleanly & Efficiently*. Highly recommended. Everything you need to know and nothing you don't.

In the next issue I will tell you about rigging and sailing *Arjay*.



Quetzal's Conversion to Junk Rig

by David Hall



Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

ONCE THE IDEA took hold I was far too excited about it and had a few sleepless nights as a result. I told myself to calm down and look at it more objectively. But then the more I looked at the idea in a 'serious' light the more I realised that I really had to go ahead, and then I became excited all over again.

I had been in touch with a group of people who called themselves 'junkies' and I knew I was addicted!

Looking back now I see there were several starting points. One of them was perhaps a conversation I had with Bernard Harman at the Coniston 'Softies' meet at the end of last season. Bernard recommended a book then ended up sending me his copy, which was very kind. This led to me working out my CLR.

At the end of the 2016 season I had used my boat very little and felt that perhaps I was losing interest in her. Each time I considered getting another boat, however, I realised that I was actually quite happy with her. A Westerly NIMROD is seaworthy, strongly built, has a cabin and a self-draining cockpit, so why would I wish to change her? Then I realised that I could actually make a big change, learn a lot along the way and give her a new

(Above) The oar now substitutes for the boom of the old rig and supports the tent
(Below) All squared away, sail raised and ready to go





Substantial tabernacle to support the longer mast

lease of life by converting her to Junk Rig.

Joining the Junk Rig Association (JRA) was a very significant starting point. The website is very well organised and established members are very welcoming and eager to help with everything, including tips on how to use the website. New members are invited to introduce themselves and to answer simple questions about sailing experience, ambitions, willingness to share information / experience and join in with events. There is a Beginner's Guide and very soon I received emails of welcome from committee members and others – some from the other side of the world. I do not consider myself as very competent when it comes to scientific or technical understanding but I was very much drawn into the DIY culture and reassured that there was a lot of expertise out there and people so willing to help. JRA members have clearly found a good balance between experimenting with their rigs and knowing what they are doing.

So I cut and pasted a rig I liked the look of onto a plan of my boat and without going into any technical details just asked the question what about this then? The experienced JRA members responded straight away: No, it would not work very well but they

suggested better sail plan options. I asked further questions which were usually responded to very quickly, and another newcomer, Jami from Finland, was also converting a trailer sailer so we watched and encouraged each other.

The person who advised and helped me the most throughout the conversion was David Tyler. David's past voyages under junk sails are quite remarkable. He has also had a long-term involvement with the JRA and luckily for me he lives just up the road (well, about

an hour away) here in Cumbria.

He invited me to go and see his boat, gave me detailed instructions and technical drawings for making my battens but also designed my sail plan. He advised me also where to re-position my new mast and then offered to make the sail for me! So with all this, plus more support from my friend Richard Oates, a couple of local boatbuilders at my sailing club and also encouragement from Peter Truelove and other friends, I really had no reasons at all not to just get on with it. Eeek!

For the benefit of those who have not looked into the phenomenon of Junk Rig – you have to have an unstayed mast, lazyjacks, a mainsheet that attaches to several places (via 'sheet spans') on the leech of the sail and a few extra strings to control the set of the sail.

A new vocabulary emerges: many kinds of parrels, the bundle, the partners, the mast lift ... all to make discussions on various adjustments possible, but I will not get too technical here. Almost everyone in the JRA has a copy of *Practical Junk Rig* by Hasler and MacLeod which serves as a very useful reference. However, since that book was written there have been considerable advances in the rig and converted boats



are now sailing much closer to the wind thanks to a better understanding of cambered sail panels. It would seem that you really can now have your cake and eat it because after conversion you can end up with a boat that is not only safer, easier to repair and easier to sail but also faster and able to sail as close to the wind as the Bermudan rig. The rig is low tension, easy to sail and so easy to reef or de-reef while afloat – just drop the sail and it folds itself up in the lazy jacks.

So, having bravely cut a square hole in my cabin top, inserted my tabernacle, made a new mast with a tapered wooden top, and finally put it all together, I was ready for the re-launch on Windermere.

Within a few yards from the jetty I had the feeling that maybe the whole project had been a waste of time! Too much lee helm, the boat bearing away and not possible to tack. Then I realised that if I just tightened my tack parrel the whole sail would swing back a bit. I quickly adjusted it and found that I then had a balanced helm. While sailing upwind I was overtaken by a 36ft keelboat so I lined myself up behind it to see if I could sail the same course – as close to the wind? Well, I thought I could. I then looked behind and saw Frank and Margaret Dearden sailing towards me to congratulate me and have a chat. We sailed back north together so I could ask them what she looked like from their viewpoint. The next time I took her out was with David Tyler, who came over to see his sail in action and to advise on further adjustments.

I have not yet sailed her on the sea and I am still trying to get rid of some creases in my mid-sail area, but I am very much enjoying the easy adjustment and control of sail area.

After a very blustery weekend on the lake I suggested to the sailing secretary of the RWYC (Royal Windermere Yacht Club) that the Flying Fifteen fleet should convert to junk rig to avoid further knock-downs during races, but so far no-one has embraced the idea. I can now do things like sail onto the jetty with the wind behind me, knowing that well before I glide alongside the sail will be completely down and neatly folded. What is not so easy, and I am working now on making it better, is getting the mast up and down on my own. It is longer and heavier than I would like it to be and my old boom crutch is not high enough in the stern to lay the mast horizontally before I raise it.

Perhaps my best sailing day this year was with my grand-



daughter, Maggie, aged 3. This was her first sailing trip and as expected, just getting used to the motion of the boat, the ducks, the ferry and other distracting things. In my important role as 'Captain Grandpa' I was able to make the sailing as gentle or as exciting as I wanted it to be while Maggie had a go at 'fishing' – throwing all the rope ends over the side to see if she could catch something – then going into the cabin to explore what was in there.

While sailing back into Bowness Bay we were overtaken by one of the cruise boats. The Captain commented, through the amplifier to the mostly Chinese tourists on board, on my unusual junk rig as he went past and afterwards I wondered if it was Paul?

I was worried that my much loved boom tent would need to be altered or re-made now that I have no boom to hang it on, but in advance of my trip to Ullswater I came up with the simple solution of stringing up an oar under my 'bundle', which was just the right length and has now been tried and tested. So now it's all done and I can continue to enjoy sailing her with perhaps just a bit of on-going tweaking – but maybe we all do a bit of that, whatever rig we sail. DH

(Left) Quetzal on Ullswater

Since having the article I wrote regarding my construction of my 14' motor launch published in *MAIB* in March 2014, I continue to enjoy the launch as much as I can in the intervening years. If I don't get out on her at least once a week I tend to become dull and moody.

By degrees I started coming to the conclusion that the launch's stability could be improved by increasing her beam and perhaps adding to her stern sections. In my studies and research regarding the various ships I have portrayed in my paintings, from US Navy battleships through to the navy of Charles II in the Baroque era, the measure utilized by naval architects to increase stability involved in Baroque times, a process called girdling, and in later times, the installation of bilges and tumblehome.

The fact that struck me was how little additional beam was necessary to achieve a really marked improvement in performance in these ships. For example, a hundred gun three decker in Charles' day usually required a 1' each side additional layer of wood, called girdling, to improve her behavior. A battleship in the 1930s with 100' beam with a 9' increase of beam would experience a substantial improvement to her performance.

I started making drawings and calculations to see how much I needed to add to her hull in order to see an improvement. I didn't want to add too much beam or I would slow her down, so I went with an increase of 3" on each side at the waterline. In order to keep the same length to beam ratio, I added 1' length at the stern. This in my figuring should give me 534lbs more buoyancy. The increased length would allow me to move the aft storage cabin 4" further back, giving a lot more room in the midships passenger seat. The increase of 1' of length would add buoyancy aft to counter the motor's weight. This will prevent the launch squatting at the stern when at full speed. I started work August 15, 2017 and I finished up by mid September, just before the arrival of Hurricane Irma.

My first trip was in Fort Lauderdale, putting in at Cooley's Landing and heading down the Intracoastal Waterway. As I was going by Hollywood downtown, someone on the shore at Le Tub took a picture of

Duchess 2018

Longer, Wider, More Freeboard

By Jim Flood



the launch and emailed it to a mutual friend of ours, for which I am very grateful. The photo shows clearly that *Duchess* going at speed was still level with the waterline aft and floating on her lines everywhere else as well. Additionally, I experienced no decrease in speed, which pleased me to no end.

She was much more stable and I was able to take her out into Port Everglades Inlet, home of the arch wake makers, nut jobs, screamers and various other species of suicidal maniacs, with full confidence, no question in stability at all. When I received the photo I realized I had not put enough rake in her transom and so I took a couple of days to add the missing rake. She looked even better, much longer than the 1' addition in actuality. Because I added 3" of foam to each side in September 2017, which was in addition to the original filling in of the old wineglass stern in July 2010, I decided to remove material from the inside of the stern and passenger compartments, which greatly expanded spare flotation.

This was done very successfully, the weight saved was approximately 50lbs. This has improved her in every way and I've been able to install lockers under some of the seats. I've also added another window on either side of the bridge and another tier of windscreen on the bridge front. I had misgivings about the additional bridge front tier, but when installed, it looked just fine and the whole business is much drier. We are very pleased with the improvement thus made and continue to enjoy our now 15'x4' *Duchess* at every opportunity. It's one of those little things that makes it all worthwhile to those who mess about in boats.



Sometimes an Idea Just Hasta Percolate

Lady Bug's rudder is a vexing problem. Granted, there are traditional solutions that have been around for generations and a relatively modern solution that can be bought online, and delivered by the Nice Delivery Driver Guy. However. The more traditional solutions only fix half the problem and the modern solution would simply wreck our budget.



The original rudder is still “hanging around” and performing pretty well, thank you very much. Except we can’t drive around or launch/recover with it in the operating position. That big hunk of mahogany tree is as tall as I am and weighs accordingly. Hard to simply stick someplace. So we tinkers and dreamers came up with a pretty good, but not totally good, solution. By putting another “gudgeon” up on the stern pulpit and spacing the other hardware presciently, the rudder can spend his off duty time like this.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Of course, a wooden plank does have a tendency to float so we’ve gone through a series of easy to operate methods of holding it in place. Certainly there are stock standard hardware for this sort of thing available, but not for such a huge slab of a fellow, they’re more for smaller dinghy rudders. Yes, we have several in a coffee can on a shelf someplace, just too hard to get to when rigging expeditiously. We normally rig and go in about ten minutes, faster if the parade of bass boats is getting threateningly long at the launch ramp. So this has to operate with a single hand, or maybe a spare finger.

What we have here is the recessed track from a retired router table, some T bolts and knurled $\frac{1}{4}$ ”-20 nobbs and a piece of that UV stabilized HDPE plate stock every self respecting Frankenshop keeps at the ready. This assemblage holds the rudder in place until some dodo at the helm hits something on the bottom of the ocean. Then, things get a bit testy.



Yeah, I know, make a kickup rudder. All the cool kids have ‘em. Except they tend to wobble and at best they only rotate through about 90° from the vertical. In our case that would make *Lady Bug* protrude even farther into the windshield on the car following us in traffic, like about another 3’.

The question was raised, “Why don’tcha just make it BOTH?” Yeah. Why don’tcha? Yeah, we could have both. We started emptying shelves and coffee cans. Suddenly, there was a $\frac{3}{4}$ ” bolt for the pivot, a couple of pieces of leftover $\frac{1}{4}$ ” aluminum plate for the cheeks. Those ought to resist wobbling. And, of course, a few other things that have absolutely NOTHING to do with rudders, like the wherewithal to create an emergency fuel priming system for *Miss Kathleen's* new installed fuel tank and like a couple more wheels to add more directional authority to *Mr Tom's* guide rollers and like a couple of options on holding the cabinet door that holds the swing stove that stows out of the way under the galley sink. And, of course, like a whole collection of $\frac{3}{8}$ ” bore pillow blocks that were, up until just a moment ago, going to become surrogate pintles and gudgeons on a completely different notion to get that cotton pickin’ rudder to deal more forthrightly with close encounters of the unfortunate kind with the seabed. All a matter of adding the right mix of ingredients.



Spring Comes to Almostcanada

It’s official! Jamie the Seadog staked out a patch of shade. Nary a patch of snow left hereabouts. This, the last day of April 2018. Finally, we’ve been looking forward to this green grass for quite a while now.

We’ve been rather busy, as it turns out, *Miss Kathleen* has developed a bit of a problem. Dunno if we’ll get it solved in time for the next boat trip on our list. Hard to tell. More motor trouble. No, it just don’t seem fair. Yesterday, Mr Yammie was purring like a drunken house cat. Today, he’s sputtering like a drowning one. We’ll toss some more parts his way and see how that goes. In the meantime there’s all this sunshine and green grass. We’re gonna need something that floats ASAP. So Jamie and I took a bit of a Zone Inspection today. Just to see what our options are.

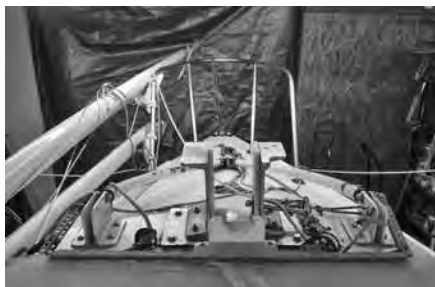


Good ol’ *Punkin’ Seed* is finally out from under that caved in boatshed. All the busted frames are in the recycling bin at the dump and the rest of it off to the landfill by now. Little *PS* is just about always ready to go. She just waits demurely for an invite. Jamie suggested that I at least pull the sails out and check on things a bit more formally.

So I grabbed the sails from under that tarp and we proceeded to continue with our rounds. I didn’t put anything on the Planning Board about pulling *Lady Bug* out of the shop this far from her overhaul’s completion. In fact, we’ve really only been working on the initial planning and scheming. The cockpit is still jumbled from a bit of work on the engine mount we did the other day. Quite a mess, actually. Somehow *Alice* showed up and we got *LB* pulled back out into the sunshine. There will likely be repercussions about her overhaul. But this just could be an emergency.



I'm afraid that Jamie had a verrry long list of discrepancies jotted down on his clipboard. I think I saw a note to the effect "not ready for inspection." He took points off for everything from "material condition and preservation" of the ground tackle to "general deterioration and lack of readiness" of the rigging.



Well, inspections are inspections and he has to report it as he sees it. I did try to point out the new motor mount.



But he was already down below checking out the "Habitability Spaces."



His notes were pretty scathing about that area. "I smell a rat!" was all he wrote. Actually, I'm guessing that it was only a mouse and he/she doesn't spend her/his nights sleeping on the captain's pillow anymore. Not right now anyway. Besides, it'll be a lot easier to get work done now that she's back outside. More room to move around.



Some of the stuff Jamie comes up with just can't be denied but our circumstances are looking more and more dire all the time. So, we got back a bit and looked over the red and green fleet.

Ever the practical one, Jamie suggested that we simply take an objective look at things. "Like what do the sails look like?" Good question. There's been several full battened mains left up in the loft for a number of years. I climbed up and dragged several of 'em down. Nuthin' like warm sun and green grass to get a guy thinking about sailboats. You, too?



Of course, some were too big, some too small, too wide, narrow. You know the drill. Jamie inspected stuff like stitching and general material condition. Always the stickler. After a while I gave the Nice Lady at the Canvas Shop a call. She likes Jamie. We made an appointment to bring one or two of these sails up tomorrow and get them cut down and stitched back together a new hand me down set for *Lady Bug* and a hand me down, hand me down one for *Punkin' Seed*.

So finally we had completed our Zone Inspection, more questions than answers. As soon as Jamie gets his notes down to Admin, I'll have more to report.

A Visit to the Nice Lady at the Canvas Shop

Jamie the Seadog has never actually been sailing. He's been a stinkpotter his whole life. That's not to say he doesn't want to learn the ropes. And a guy has to start someplace. So we took a rather remarkable opportunity to get the sailing portion of our fleet closer to in the water operations. On our way home from Priest Lake one afternoon last fall we met a lady at the gas station and store. She came across the tarmac to ask about Jamie. Usually folks come over to ask about the boat I'm towing. But Kelly runs a marine canvas outfit, she sees boats alluetime. It was the dog she wanted to know about.

After that discussion concluded the topic did, in fact, turn to boats, sailboats to be specific. She had taken on a customer who brought her a super annuated sail to attempt to patch. Kelly needed to know where she could find sail patching material. Of course, I had plenty of ideas about that stuff. The sail got patched and we stayed in touch.

It's been time, several years in fact, for me to do some sail replacement. In my whole pile of sails nothing is a direct match for what we already had. I've been needing a heavy duty sewing machine, like what they use in canvas shops.

I called Kelly and asked if she could do some sewing for me while I waited. "Of course, if you bring Jamie with you, that is."



As soon as Jamie gets the hang of sweating up a halyard and surging a sheet winch he'll be even more helpful around the rag-baggers and blowboaters. And now he'll have some new sails to learn about tacking and gybing under. Thanks, Kelly!



We've Been Auditioning Sails

Mr Yammie has developed a condition many of us can immediately recognize and relate to. His get up and go seems to have gotten up and gone. He starts and idles. When it's time to accelerate and go someplace he is more likely to just take a nap. This is not what I have been counting on. I've already replaced just about everything that touches or even thinks about touching gasoline. No real improvement in his diagnosis. We've got a carburetor coming in the mail tantamount to a heart replacement. If that don't get it *Miss Kathleen* just may be sitting out a portion of our Voyaging Season. Nope, not what I've been planning on. So our peripatetic floating fiberglass pup tent, *Lady Bug*, has been pulled out of the shop.

Her long promised overhaul is pretty much being honored in the breach. I've been getting Mr Nissan tuned up and ready to "push us around a bit" should that become necessary. But *Miss Bug's* suit of hand me down sails has been needing an upgrade for quite a while now. Today we tried on a few "new" ones. We had a regular fashion show, going on for a while.

"This little number, a battenless, off the shoulder creation, borrowed from the *Pun-*

kin' Seed Collection." This one looks promising as the one to bring along for heavy going. Our main, er, main, main doesn't reef effectively so the notion is to simply change out mains, much like changing jibs. Granted there are problems with that notion and, so far, it's only a notion.



"Next down the runway is a unique creation from the Yagottabeekiddin Collection" recently cut down and "reengineered" for Punkin Seed. This is the top two-thirds of the veteran Hobie 14 main that has accompanied Miss Bug for her past ten years' travels. I, at one point, made it reefable. In that process warps got seriously confused with fills and sail shape became more like a pair of over-stretched stockings. I put oblique pulls on the fabric it was never intended to withstand. This one was scrapped for parts soon after this final appearance on the fashion runway.



There were a few more dragged into the lineup and summarily discarded. Finally I remembered ordering a used Hobie 14 main from a used sail loft in California. I even remembered where I put it.

"And now the main attraction of our Summer Collection is this offering for the Full Figured Girl, a full length ensemble that should flatter and show those bold curves." Yep, a girl's gotta have something nice to wear. I just don't know which one of these girls is gonna get to come to the party. And you're right, a guy never truly gets away with taking two dates to the same dance.



On the Road...Again

Somehow our veteran road warriors went from long overdue overhaul to "Ready One, Clear for Takeoff." Pretty much a "kick the tires and light the fires" sorta evolution. Gas'n'go. Certainly not the first time but we're all quite a bit older. Obviously not a lot wiser. Rust, decayed wiring, UV degradation, loose joints. And that's just me. Lady Bug and Quigley down under have spent several winters buried in snow, summers collecting pine needles and getting baked in the sun. Halyards, vang, standing rigging, hatches, duckboards, lights, wheel bearings, tires, spare, and on and on. All those things already detailed on the overhaul TODO list were suddenly deemed "non essential," and back out the door they went. Poof. Old shipmates seem to always answer the call. Maybe even when they shouldn't.

So that's how I ended up parked in front of the Priest Lake hardware store on a Sunday afternoon shuffling through their large assortment of 1/4" and 5/16" carriage bolts and attendant nylox nuts. Both of Quig's heavy steel fenders had come adrift. We were on our way home from a surprisingly delightful overnight hop, not the one I had expected to go on.

The planned trip was to take place about 100 miles to the SOUTH. We were about 40 miles to the NORTH at that point. After a long, long winter of semi hermitdom, I have been craving the company of other boat people so it wasn't completely my first choice to head off to one of the most remote pieces of big water in this area quite solo. Pretty much we stayed close to home because of my being a worrywart. My "field repair," on some of Quig's wiring wasn't really all that well conceived.



His wheel bearings sounded a lot like my knees do and Mr Nissan has perked up with a couple of new spark plugs and a change to non ethanol gas. But he's only run on the hose in the past year or more. I just wasn't confident in joining a group with a mission. So we cancelled the group trip and headed off on our own. I told Kate that we might be back in a few minutes or a few days. And either way that might be good, or not good at all. Where we were headed, cell phones don't even make good boat anchors.

There wasn't anybody around but I'm guessing that the locals have decided to put the winter gear away. Our favorite launch ramp was completely submerged and the lake was still rising. Plenty of snow just uphill so all the creeks and rivers are rippin'. Not much over a month ago, we slid down this ramp after shoveling about 4' of snow still piled up. This time the lake was 4' or maybe 5' deeper. And just look at what's still gotta find room. Just about every direction I look, snow and lots more snow.



Anyhow, we rigged in a few minutes and were under sail for the first time in a very long time. This was the middle of May, flatlanders were out planting gardens. Admittedly we were rushing the season just a

squoosh. I had to go wading a few quick steps later on and my feet didn't warm up for about an hour. But it was the strangest thing, something I have never experienced. Taking long tacks, we beat our way the whole way to the north end, maybe about 20 miles under sail. A good long way. I was in my shirtsleeves for most of that trek. Wind outta the north at five to maybe 15. Water temps like the North Pacific and the air was generally in the 70's. Some sort of inversion on a grand scale and just about only us out there to enjoy it.



In case you were wondering, I was also wearing a life jacket and harness with a very short and very stout tether. After 40 or more years of cold water sailing I have long ago concluded the best plan is to not be able to fall in. And if that should happen, the best thing is to be tied to the boat and able to reach the boarding ladder unaided. This trip was no different. Mostly we had the lake to ourselves.



Lady Bug hadn't forgotten how to self steer while the captain is sitting down below. Just wish I hadn't forgotten how to keep the cockpit squared away.



What a grand day for a sail. I have never sailed this far north on Priest. Motored up here lots and lots, never all the way under sail. I've been attempting to do this for about 60 years, first time for everything.



And the fact that we weren't exactly inspection ready didn't seem to bother anybody much. There just wasn't a whole lot of traffic at the north end when we got there.

The docks were still just sort of attached to the beach waiting for the lake to recede. This is where I had to wade.



Hopefully it won't be too long before this place is too crowded for the likes of us but certainly not this weekend. Like I was saying, solitude wasn't remotely on the want-list, it just sort of happened.



Some folks pay big bucks for a getaway like this one. We did it on the cheap. Sometime after first light I took a several mile hike. Still pretty chilly. First stop was over by the bones of Tyee, mostly submerged today. I actually climbed on this hulk when I was a teenager, now there's a bit of a historical marker to explain stuff.



Lady Bug waited, more or less patiently, while I wandered off into the forest.



A couple deer ran across the trail. No bears, at least none that I saw. I think there was a bridge across Lion Creek once, not today.



Just lots of high velocity ice water coming from just about every direction. This cedar tree looks more than a little surrounded, likely to be uprooted soon.



Mr Nissan had an opportunity to warm up his new spark plugs on the way back. Back to cool and calm, no more magic temperature inversion. A once in a lifetime thing, likely. After an hour so of rhumb line running we were back “on the range” between Chimney Rock and Granite Creek. What a marvelous way to find my way home, eh?



Time to put things away and head on down the road. Some of this stuff we still remember how to do. Maybe I won’t be such a worrywart next time. Maybe I’ll find somebody to go with or maybe somebody will come along with us. Either way, *Lady Bug* would appreciate the company.

Switching Horses

A while ago when I was bemoaning my luck with engines and trailers and things the dark arts of Frankenbuilding deposit at an unseemly nexus, Kate ventured a tested question, “This seems to happen to you a lot about this time of year, are you ready to take up stamp collecting yet?” Uh, nope.

But I did have to take a step back and look at things. Most everybody who ventured an opinion waaaay back last October, when I was just starting with a major overhaul on

Miss Kathleen, suggested that I was on the wrong track and I tended to agree. But that was then and this is now, damn near three-quarters of a year later and yet the unpleasant surprises persist.

So far things like two replacement carburetors, a water separator, new fuel hoses, secondary priming, new fuel pump, non ethanol gas, fuel treatment, two new water pump assemblies (I fried one when the hose vibrated off the lower unit), new spark plugs, ad nauseum and Mr Yammie doesn’t run reliably. So I took *MK* off to a Real Outboard Mechanic. I waited a week. I figured he’d stick his screwdriver into the low speed jet screw and make everything all better. Nope. Nuthin’ there. He said I could pay him hundreds of bucks and “maybe” it’d work out. Maybe not. I hauled the whole kit and caboodle home, no better than when I took it to him.

As I write this it is Memorial Day weekend eve. It’s officially Summer Boating Season so we can’t just be sitting around. I hooked up the water hose and carefully primed the fuel hose and set the choke just how he likes it. I pulled the starter rope through a few times, just how he likes it. Then I gave it a decent pull and he jerked the handle out of my hand. I called him a miserable (expletive deleted) cur. Then I told him that if he didn’t start playing nice, he was just gonna have to stay home this summer. I stomped off and I started getting *Lady Bug* ready for this weekend’s cruise.

Every now and then, I’d crawl up the ladder and let Mr Y know that I was “really disappointed.” Then I’d go back to a rather lavish display of fixes and mods and general maintenance catchups on what amounts to a floating fiberglass pup tent compared to *MK*’s rather palatial accommodations. I guess that went on for two days.

Lady Bug got her mast raising system worked over and mast straightened out, or at least mostly straightened out. There was determined drilling and bolting and general catch up on stuff that has been on the deferred maintenance lists for literally years. I even started Mr Nissan, *LB*’s two-stroke motor right there, alongside *MK*. I pointed out, rather often, they would simply not be attending the summer boat trips if they didn’t play nice.



Then I decided that I’d even deal with the splayed out wheels on *Quigley*, *LB*’s trailer. It seems that, like all of us, *LB* has gained considerable weight as she gets older. I think water has invaded the flotation foam in the bilge. I’m thinking she’s about 500 pounds over previous years. That’s a lot. What finally happened at some point the was that the keel “tray” began to rest on the axle, right at what’s supposed to be an upward curve. What resulted was not pretty.

I figured I’d just get the parts and take *Quig* to the professionals. Shouldn’t be all that big a deal, just cut four U-bolts off with the smoke wrench, grind off some weld slag and remount that bad boy axle UNDER the springs. Piece a cake.

It took a week to get to the “bring it by and drop it off” point. I don’t do that willingly. Soooooooo, today was the inferred BIB and DIO day. I showed up bright and early and got the whole crew to come out of the machine shop and take a look. Seems that I’ve been towing *Quig* around with not only an unhealthy “bimodal distribution” to his axle, but with excessive welding along the mounting points. It seems that axle has been deformed by the over exuberance of the guy I had “tack” that axle in place some years ago. Seems that’s part of why those wheels are cambered in. Seems that while they could take on a job like this, it just might not work out. Just might not work out to the tune of \$85 an hour. I said thanks a lot and came home to ponder things anew.

That makes two boats not really ready for action. Kate asked me again about that Philatelic Society membership application. I said, “Uh, nope.” Back to work for a second time, I used some well focused sailor language on, this time, *Lady Bug*. Then I figured a little acrobatics and slithering like a 71-year-old snake couldn’t hurt. Actually it did hurt, but no band-aids, no progress. I rolled *LB* into the barn door “lifting area” and proceeded to pick her 2,000lb plus self up off the trailer in question.



Big Jim, the mondo shop crane who stands around in the corner waiting for moments like this, had about 1/4” clearance left under the garage door when all was said and done. This is absolutely the first time *LB* has been swung up in the air. Nothing exactly predictable about this. Kate asked me, as she was headed off to the beauty salon, “Will I find you squished under that trailer when I get home?” She cast a questioning eye at my lifting arrangement and drove off.



Sawzall time. The idea was to cut a slot across the keel tray so the axle could poke his head up when he has a need for such things. Sure, I tried it with boat in place, just not all

that easy. Not all that safe either. Soooooo, a little bit of Sawzall dentistry and the offending chunk of plywood and Starboard HDPE rubbing plate was history. I even put in a “sight gage” to be able to measure deflection. Pretty cagy, huh? Then, with a lot of circum-spection from me and *Alice the Tractor* out on the twirly end of *Qig’s* tongue, it was time to get our girl back on her accustomed ride.



A little winching, a lot of wiggling, even more breath holding and we’re back in business. The wheels are even pretty close to perpendicular to the horizon. Total labor cost, three band aids and several glasses of ice water. And back to the driveway.



Sooooo. I hooked up the water hose to Mr Yammie’s ankle. Pulled the rope and he’s purring like a Swiss watch. Sometimes you just gotta be assertive.

Off to a Good Start

We’ve been working on this project for quite a while and we’re off to reap the rewards. Tally ho. Well, we had high hopes. The plan was to meet up with a group of small and mid sized sailboats, a gathering of the clan. What a great thing after a long, long, cold, cold winter. *Lady Bug* got the job.

Loaded out for three or four days, ready to rock. Jamie the Seadog opted to stay home. We’d miss him but there were a number of things that hadn’t been fully shaken out. For example, how I’d do in that itty bitty cabin for more than an overnight.

We did a bit of a sampling of various launch ramps along the “lower end” of Lake Pend Oreille, essentially the headwaters of the Pd’O River, a stretch of water that is several feet above “seasonal normal” and still on the rise. Basically the river is closed to recreational use. Just a month ago I launched here with the seawall to the east side towering about 15’ above and bare sand at the end of the concrete. Not today.



Same story at upscale Dover and on to Garfield Bay, the intended RDV site eight miles up a very wiggly road from the highway. Actually up and down and up and...



First in the leaders of the pack, Keith and Mary and their hand crafted Welsford Penguin. I gotta admit that I was absolutely fascinated and just couldn’t wait to get a closer look at that really exquisite not so little boat. In fact, I will admit to paying more attention to the happenings over on *Four Seas* than what I was doing to get *Lady Bug* ready for the voyage. Perhaps unintended consequences are a bigger thing than they seem at the outset.



The first two of a cool half dozen boats are in the water ready to rock. Just gotta wait for the rest to show up. Time for me to pay attention to getting *Lady Bug* ready to shove off. This is gonna be great. The weather is looking absolutely wonderful, gonna warm up. Nice breeze coming in from the south, just gonna be great.

And then Mr Nissan refused to run, of all things. I even drove about an 80-mile round trip for replacement spark plugs, starting fluid, gap gage, all that stuff. The rest of the fleet showed up and got rigged while I was driving up and down a holiday weekend highway. Nope. Nuthin’. After trying just about everything that has worked one time or another in this sort of circumstance we watched the fleet sail off around the point. Sure, *LB’s* a SAIL-BOAT. Sure, we’d likely be just fine that way. But That Voice kept saying something else, something like, “Don’t do it!?” We tucked our tail and shambled on home.



A pair of multihulls built by Gougeon Brothers with WEST SYSTEM™ Epoxy decades ago won important races on the Pacific Ocean and Great Lakes in 2018.

Incognito is a G32 catamaran cold molded by Gougeon Manufacturing in 1990. Russell Brown of PT Watercraft in Port Townsend, Washington, raced the 28-year-old vessel singlehandedly in the grueling R2AK (Race to Alaska). In the qualifying leg from Port Townsend Washington, to Victoria, British Columbia, he finished 40 minutes ahead of the rest of the fleet. He then led the race for three days until fatigue set in, requiring him to put safety first. Still, he was the first solo finisher for the second year in a row and knocked more than 24 hours off his record breaking 2017 win, also aboard *Incognito*. "It's totally on fire now," he said of his updated G32, "the boat just rips."



Aged Epoxy Boats Still Win Big

Brown's approach attests to his own grit and determination, as well as the durability of his epoxy built multihull. Solo sailing to Alaska required Brown to anchor the boat in order to rest while boats crewed by more sailors passed him in the night. During the day he'd pass those boats. While team Sail Like A Girl took first place overall, Brown was the first solo finisher and came in well ahead of much of the pack regardless of crew size.

A few weeks later, *Adagio* took first place in Division III (multihulls) of the 2018 Bell's Beer Bayview Port Huron to Mackinac Race sailing the Cove Island course. This 35' trimaran was built by the Gougeon Brothers in 1971 and is widely considered to be the first all epoxy bonded wooden boat ever built. That it is still competing today speaks to the longevity of the cold molded epoxy construction methods pioneered by the Gougeon Brothers in the 1970s. *Adagio* is owned by Alan Gurski and Ben Gougeon of Bay City, Michigan, and skippered by Matt Scharl of Lawrence, Michigan. Gurski and Gougeon crewed.

"At 47 years old, *Adagio* is still an incredibly fast boat," Gougeon said. "Even by today's standards, using modern building methods, it's difficult to build a lighter, stiffer boat. The secret to her longevity and success is quite simple. Keep her sealed up tight with West System epoxy and constantly look for ways to add a couple of tenths of boat speed."



Between our ongoing maintenance program and the awesome sails our friend Magnus Doole at North Sails NZ designed for us, *Adagio* has taken first in her division on three consecutive PH-Mac races. The scary part is at almost 50 years she's still getting faster!"

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The countdown is on! Three years until the big 100th Beetle Cat Anniversary celebration. This has prompted us to start going through the archives for old photos and articles. Luckily there have been lots of Beetle Cat enthusiasts over the years who took the time to collect these items and preserve those memories. As we work our way to the 100th we will be sharing them once again.

After receiving the latest Mystic Seaport Museum Boathouse update from our close friend of the shop, Sharon Brown, Mystic Seaport seemed to be a fitting place to start. Sharon Brown, Wilbur Langdon and Barbara Eberle were some of the first people I met from Mystic Seaport when Bill Womack purchased Beetle, Inc in 2003. Barbara Eberle was planning on donating a new Beetle Cat to the museum in honor of her late husband, Edward "Skip" Eberle, and the group visited the shop often to chronicle the boat's construction at the old South Dartmouth location. It was one of the first Beetle Cat sailboats I myself had seen built start to finish and I enjoyed watching the excitement in the eyes of our Mystic visitors as the project unfolded.



Bill and Barbara Eberle getting ready to launch Skip's *Star*.

On May 27, 2004 Bill Womack and Shawn Sipple launched the boat at Mystic Seaport and it was subsequently christened on July 24. It continues to carry on the Beetle Cat sailing tradition at Mystic Seaport.

Bill, Barbara, Shawn Sipple, Sharon Brown and Dana Hewson celebrate the launching of Skip's *Star*.



News from the Beetle Shop

By Michelle Buoniconto

Not long after, the Woodenboat Show moved to Mystic Seaport for its annual event. Karin Soderberg (a long time Beetle Cat sailor) graciously welcomed the Beetle Shop Crew to stay at her home a few blocks from the Mystic River. As I went out each day on an early morning stroll, I still remember thinking this was the most magical place on earth to live for a wooden boat enthusiast.



Karin Soderberg and Bill sailing Karin's *Kat*.

Little did we know how important our friendship and connection to Mystic Seaport would remain over the years. In 2007 we worked with Dana Hewson in finalizing the lines for our 26' Herreshoff Alerion III replica *Thetis*, with the original Alerion III being part of the Mystic Seaport collection.

Our next big connection came in 2012 when we were contracted by the New Bedford Whaling Museum to build a Beetle Whaleboat for the *Charles W. Morgan's* voyage. We once again found ourselves working hand in hand with Mystic Seaport, specifically Walt Ansel and Quentin Snediker who helped in providing us the materials, molds and guidance to replicate the original, and *Charles W. Morgan* historian Matthew Stackpole.

Peter Vermilya, longtime Beetle Cat racer and Curator Emeritus of Small Craft at Mystic Seaport Museum, will also play an important historical role as we approach the 100th. Peter wrote the series "Building the Beetle Cats" in *Woodenboat* magazine back in the early 1980s and Benjamin Mendlowitz photographed.

Peter Vermilya sailing *Poussette* in Stonington, Connecticut.



Jim McGuire continues to visit us each year for parts as they keep the Beetle fleet maintained each season and he brings wooden boat enthusiasts with him. George T. Shaw was one of those who visited us last fall and shared stories of his family's history sailing in Beetle Cats and shared with us a photo of his father from the 1930s.



John C. Shaw sailing in Padanaram Harbor circa 1930.

Fast forward to 2018 when we geared up for the 2018 WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport where we would be bringing a new Beetle Cat sailboat. Thanks to Stephen White and all the Mystic Seaport employees and friends who have helped us make Beetle Cat a continuing success over the years by being a part of their programs.



Bill and Fillipo setting up at the WoodenBoat Show. (Sharon Brown photo)



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Sweet Pea

By Dave Lucas

Rex and Cathy were up in Apalachicola and came across another boat that was resurrected from the woods by Howard. Like most of the boats coming out of our shop, *Sweet Pea* was fun for Howard to build but then it was time to pass it along to someone who really wanted it for a boat and not just a project.

Judy Blue Eyes saw this one sitting out back and wouldn't stop till she had it. We drove our usual hard bargain and made her take it for about the price of the sail and trailer and we delivered it to her in Charleston, how's that for a high pressure sale? And it has a 16hp Yanmar Diesel to boot. She is an 18' Fenwick Williams catboat. Take a look at the cabin height from the outside and here on the inside. Looks about right, doesn't it. This is not the height shown on the plans, Howard raised it 6"! The reason that I gave it up after making the hull is because it didn't even have sitting headroom. We all thought he was nuts when we saw him putting in this fancy interior. After she got, Judy put a lot of time and effort into making it a real show stopper.



Yes, you read that right, this was another one of my ideas that I lost interest in, it sat out in the woods for years until Howard found and finished it. The hull was in good shape but the red oak transom was rotten. He made a jig to support a long homemade drill that he used to drill a hole all the way through the 3" wide

skeg to put in the pipe for the prop shaft. I've told you lots of times that this guy is a genius And how did it turn out, you ask.



Here she is on her maiden sail, still getting adjustments and the damn thing was a rocket ship. We didn't like the sail plan shown so we drew up our own based on the light winds here in Florida, but with lots of reef points. That hole you see up front there is the outlet for a 100gal ballast tank on the bow.



Frank's Boat Laze Along

By Bob Guess
bobboatbuilder@hotmail.com

In 1967 I was offered a job to put a boat together that an old friend named Frank Jordan bought and had delivered where I worked part time. That company, Quality Boats, contracted with the Navy to overhaul and water test landing craft, wooden 26' motor whaleboats, wooden captain's gigs and anything that could be delivered to the shop. The shop owner could not work on Frank's boat at that time but he recommended that I could do the work on my own with access to his shop and materials.

This was the beginning of Frank's Boat, *Laze Along*, and my learning boat repairs and how to sail. She looked more like a 24' beamy, stepped cabin, all wood powerboat than the skipjack that might have been intended. Frank offered me \$250 to put her back together, paint her (blue sides and white topsides), rig her and set up her mast and I could go along when she would be put overboard for her trials. *Laze Along* had some good features, a marine toilet, an 8'x8' cockpit with high sides, four bunks, a sink, a 20gal water tank and a 20gal fuel tank, port-holes and what was left of inside steering, an engine bed and shaft and usable large main and jib.

When *Laze Along* was ready she was hauled to the marina and lifted overboard. The mast was stepped, all rigging and sails in place, we sailed out the Elizabeth River and quickly realized that *Laze Along* did not meet Frank's expectations. He paid me and asked if I would make modifications to *Laze Along* and would I accept half ownership instead of cash.

Frank's modifications were to install a Thistle mast and sail aft and a Thistle sail on the existing mast and a bowsprit to accommodate a genoa. Frank had owned a Thistle and knew used mains were cheap. A Sea Gull was bought along with the longest oar he could find. Frank sculled boats as a kid growing up on Willoughby Bay. With all sails up *Laze Along* looked and sailed better. We could sail the Elizabeth River, Hampton Roads or James River and get back to the marina before dark.

I had always wondered what type of inboard was in *Laze Along* when she was built. When I was offered a Grey Marine lugger with Paragon transmission for \$25 I took it. When I installed the engine the bolt holes matched perfectly. Next time we had her lifted out to clean and paint the bottom I freed the shaft, installed new cutlass bearings and installed a used propeller. The 42hp engine ran great and gave us needed ballast.

Sailing and motoring were good and I took my family down the ICW for a weekend cruise. Frank enjoyed sailing the most.

In 1974 Frank had a serious stroke that completely disabled him. *Laze Along* was sold and used as a powerboat on NC sounds. I became an amateur boatbuilder of 36 small craft. Now I am 78 and build model boats, donating models of Chesapeake Bay working boats to local museums.

Part XIX

When I first thought about telling this tale I'd considered just waiting until I could say, "There! There she is! Aha!" or some such. And/or just waiting until I could write a story which would include the launch, like I did with *Talitha Cumi*. But then I thought that maybe chronicling the interim stages might be fun. It does look as though this may end up being a possibility as I have now almost completed the second side for the forward section. One thing that helps is that I now actually have a plan and instructions, which I didn't have before but which I have slowly assembled, like a puzzle, in the ongoing process of the project.

One very interesting thing that's been going on started to happen right after I'd finished most of the second side of the forward section (having just finished the first side on which the "layering method juncture" worked just fine, even without pre drilling). Every single time I tried to drive a screw into the three layers of laths for that layering method juncture, at least one of the layers split. One even split on the side where the screw entered the lath, not on the other side where that usually happens if it's going to do that. One of them even split when I'd actually pre drilled. This instance was one where I used a smaller bit and I also was using a different drill than I'm using now, one which might have accommodated a larger bit but then Providence arranged for me to have another drill.

For some time I'd wanted an eggbeater drill, one of which I'd had before and sort of still do, but it was in that fire and since then, well, never mind that part (I haven't totally given up on it yet, but meanwhile...). The new one happened when a friend at church, who is a boat builder (you'll notice I didn't say "also a boat builder" at this point because I'm finding myself recently being hesitant to call myself a boat builder), came up to me right before the service on Sunday and handed me an eggbeater drill. He said he never used it and he hoped it would be of help.

Late yesterday afternoon I set up the three laths that I needed for the layering method juncture. I drilled a hole. I drove a screw. It didn't crack. It was getting late and I figured I'd take a break and start again fresh Thursday morning (June 12). I was planning to take Thursday and Friday off from my Hutchinson Center activities and mainly work on the boat. I'm sure there's probably somebody out there thinking, "It worked and then she was afraid to try it again right away." Yeah, maybe. But, oh well. I got my grocery shopping done today so I can hole up over here in the woods and work on the boat and stuff during this upcoming extra long weekend.

Since then (today is July 17) things have been moving along much more smoothly. In fact, a couple of thoughts I'd had awhile ago but they couldn't get me to listen to them have lately kept popping up and sort of waving drawings at me and stuff like that. One of them is talking about that idea I came up with a while ago and then shelved, the one about getting the boat to fold. This was, actually, believe it or not, before I knew that there were boats out there that would do that. I made a model of one that worked but that was as far as I got with that idea.

Part of that may have been, as I mentioned way back in Part I, that whatever ideas I came up with, there was always *Dancing*

Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts Parts XIX and XX

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Chicken going "Me! Me!" So there I went. Of course, there is an interesting factor in regard to some of the design dynamics inherent in the differences between a boat with curved sides and a boat with flat sides. It looks to me as though it's lots easier to design a folding boat if I start with the dynamics involved with a boat with curved sides than it I start with a boat with flat sides. However, here I am with these two flat sides that I've already (pretty much) built and I'm wondering if I've painted myself into a corner by building those. However, I figure there's always a way so I plan to do some headscratching and exploring of possible options, etc.

Actually, now would be a good time for such transitions since except for the outside reinforcing pieces and a few fasteners, I've just finished the second side of the forward section and I have a much better idea about how she's supposed to go together. And at this point she could conceivably go either way. It also might not take that much longer to do the folding thing, and besides, I think that either way, at this point, I may probably need to start aiming at Spring 2019. This would, of course, give me much more elbow room time wise. Focusing too much on a real or imagined deadline can put me in a place that could be very uncomfortable and possibly even dangerous, both for me and for *Dancing Chicken*.

"How" one might wonder "did it get to be July 30?" Refer back to Part I where I quoted W.C. Fields, "Things happened." I suddenly came up with an idea about the folding thing. I'd been working on trying to figure it out off and on for days, but then I was having one of those restful Sunday afternoons and just as I was about to bestir myself and get ready to go to church I found myself saying, "HMMMMMMMMM."

Either way (whether I ultimately decide to use the folding idea or not), I'm planning to start next building the sides for the aft section and on my breaks therefrom, continuing to figure out various aspects of the folding scheme (and/or whether or not that will actually be how she ends up, to fold or not to fold, that still may be a valid question).

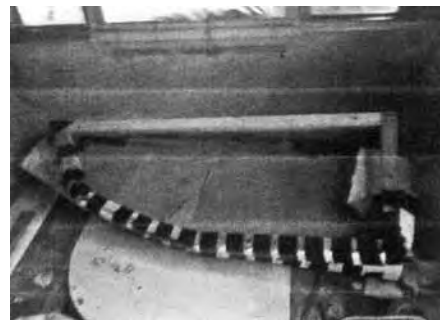
So, will it be that there I am, during (at least some of) those long winter days, snug in my little camper, working on *Dancing Chicken* in view of hopefully launching the following spring? Or will some other alternative turn up? We shall see.

Part XX

In answer to the question I was asking myself in Part XIX, "To fold, or not to fold, that still may be a valid question," it's definitely "To fold." The idea is too intriguing to ignore and, after having constructed one experimental section using the two sides that I constructed already, I found myself chortling gleefully, "I wanna get out in the water in that!"



Here is a photo of the bottom being attached to the frames.



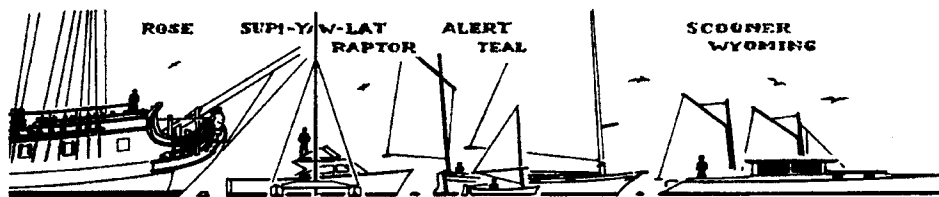
Here is a photo of the section folded.



And here is a photo of it unfolded.

These are, of course, as I mentioned, somewhat experimental and possibly in the category of those constructs to which I have referred as "three dimensional rough sketches."





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Well, the last piece talked about a wide open Party Barge, even offered loose language with the question whether open air orgies afloat were still fashionable. All very intriguing, no doubt, just not enough curtains, at least for some.

So, in yet one more appearance, layout, and functional variation on that 30'8"x7'8" displacement speed hull we've looked at with outboard and inboard power options, let's examine the almost Victorian virtues of a glass house geometry as presented with Design #650 Topaz. Ignoring the inevitable one liners growing in some minds just about now, a glass house arrangement might suggest somewhat less open pursuits of personal matters on boats, at least if she has those optional curtains.

Design #650 Topaz was first discussed in *MAIB* in the Vol 16, No 5 issue of July 15, 1998, now just over 20 years ago. To very similar dimensions (31'1"x7'4"), she featured that very unusual for her so characteristic tucked in stern configuration that not only almost fully hid that up to 75hp outboard, but also allowed routine small power outboard operations up to around 7 knots with that narrow motorboard/transom on that straight run go fast bottom at least not dragging her full width bottom to perpetual inefficiencies. The point of #650's hull design was to be quite comfortable sliding along with 25hp at best, always with the option to eventually graduate to, or at least try out, a 75hp unit to make her get up and take off to plane towards 20 knots. And, as the photos document, they have been built and run the speed.

In this study, however, we are looking at using up to a 50hp large prop outboard, seemingly way too much for the 7kts (max) cruising hull but, to refresh our memories, intended to leverage larger props to allow that engine to run at very mild rpm for least noise, more of a gentle purr, good economy and above average reliability and then life expectancy. Some like pattering with stout single or twin cylinder Diesel with the contented purring of a fuel injected four cylinder indeed a fine alternative.

What superimposing Topaz's layout, and thus airy glasshouse aesthetics, does offer us is both a reasonably serious inland-and coastal cruiser, but also just seeing her as a fine weekend getaway for modest outings, socializing and the occasional party afloat that might indeed need all six of those 6'6" bunks to have the inebriated sleep off the merry sampling of spirits, wines, concoctions without risking falling overboard, into or out of some dink or just slipping on the night dew of the marina's floats.

By morning, and assuming no passing showers in the night without having set up the ridgepole and tarp job, the six bunks will have justified your building them to begin with. Adding around 6" of bow height, and thus topsides height, over the original Topaz silhouette is a welcome option to help her

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #528 in *MAIB* Slow Topaz



coastal ambitions, since doing little over 7 knots the bow won't rise to at least intermittently block the view ahead from the seated helmswoman as this higher bow would for the go faster Topaz seat/eye/bow geometry.

For two on a cruise there is actually a fair amount of out of the way storage and lots of room to sprawl, fish from, retreat to after a spat, plot filler boards in the bow cockpit for a fine wide surface to watch the moon rise, satellites track an hour or two after sunset, meteor showers. The railing will keep the big comforter from going overboard, even though the falling dew may still add up to a good soaking. Perhaps just a filler piece between the bunks inside her cabin with only the skylight opened up for a bit, probably with bug screening as we'd want to have on the windows in that glass house that will open up sliding, dropping, swinging.

What this layout offers may well be in this sequence the most sleeping surfaces with six bunks, with likely that ridgepole and canvas setup over the bow bunks and various options for the two stern bunks, a small galley, but still a plausible private standing headroom head big enough for sponge baths, 3-5gal showers, a place to finally scratch that interminable itch.

To underscore again the obvious, this house geometry would certainly allow her to perfectly well serve as a travel trailer at a truck stop for the night as you stride across the continent or following the mid size car/SUV/truck along winding country roads, with or without seeking out dedicated campsites.

With her afloat and running, many folks would prefer sitting in the cabin out of the sun and in the open bow cockpit. One image out of the lengthy 39' SACPAS-3 reports here in *MAIB* shows some with ten aboard and seven folks sitting and standing in her bow cockpit, a space actually smaller than this one shown here. With that load upfront, the boat's stern was up by some 9", the bow down a bit and the boat overall now good for only moderate displacement speed with an agile hand on the helm to control for her now imbalanced tracking, however, still good enough for folks to enjoy themselves up front seeing everything while moving through smoothish waters. Only chop or high speed ambitions call for movement of some of those folks way aft and amidships.

While the larger bow cockpit in this study seems a people magnet, gearheads listening to the purr, smokers and the near deaf may still prefer to sit aft, happily studying her wake, backs against the house, legs up on the bunk. Perhaps some fishing rods to watch as well, effectively trolling for the next dinner.

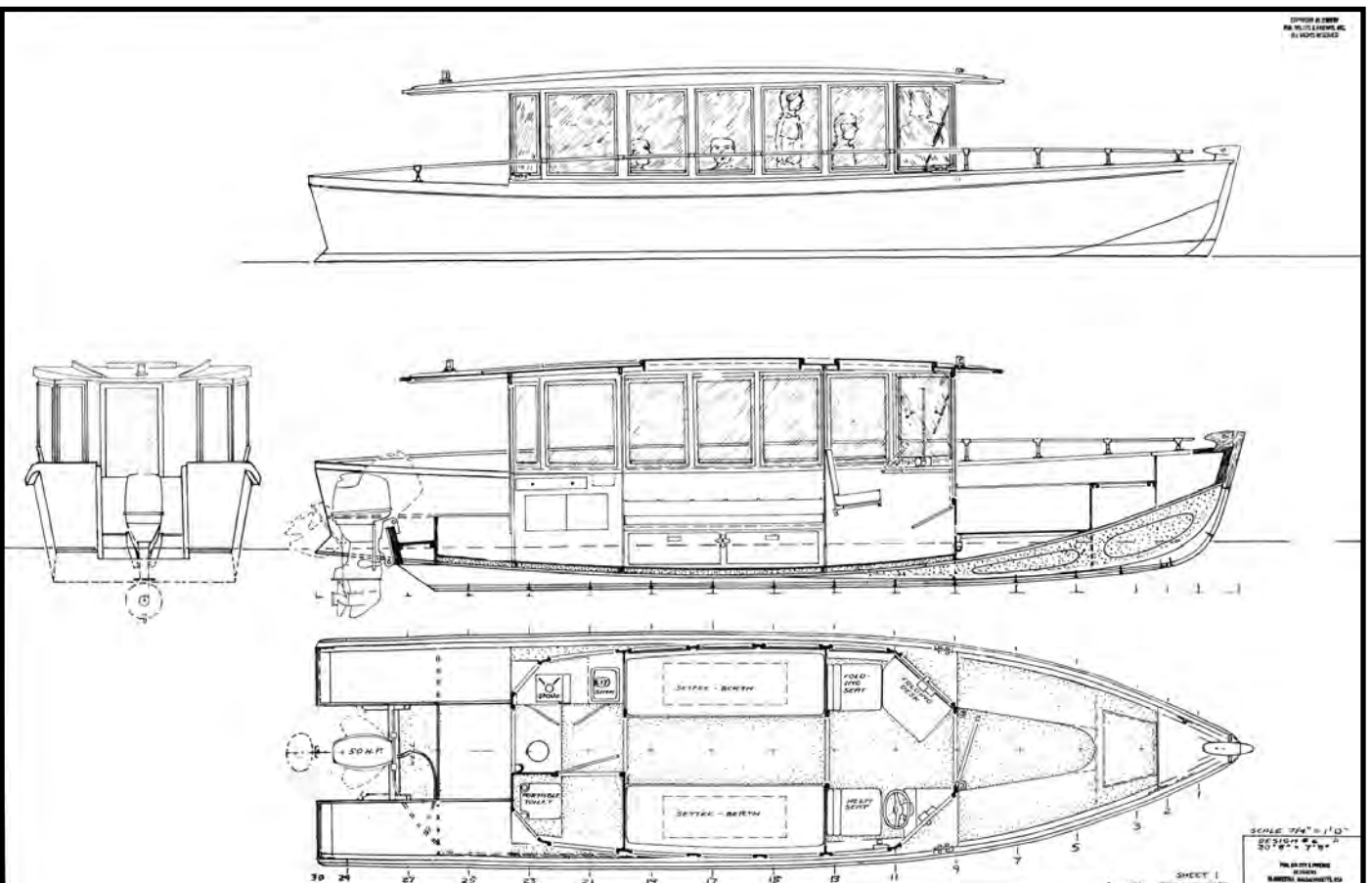
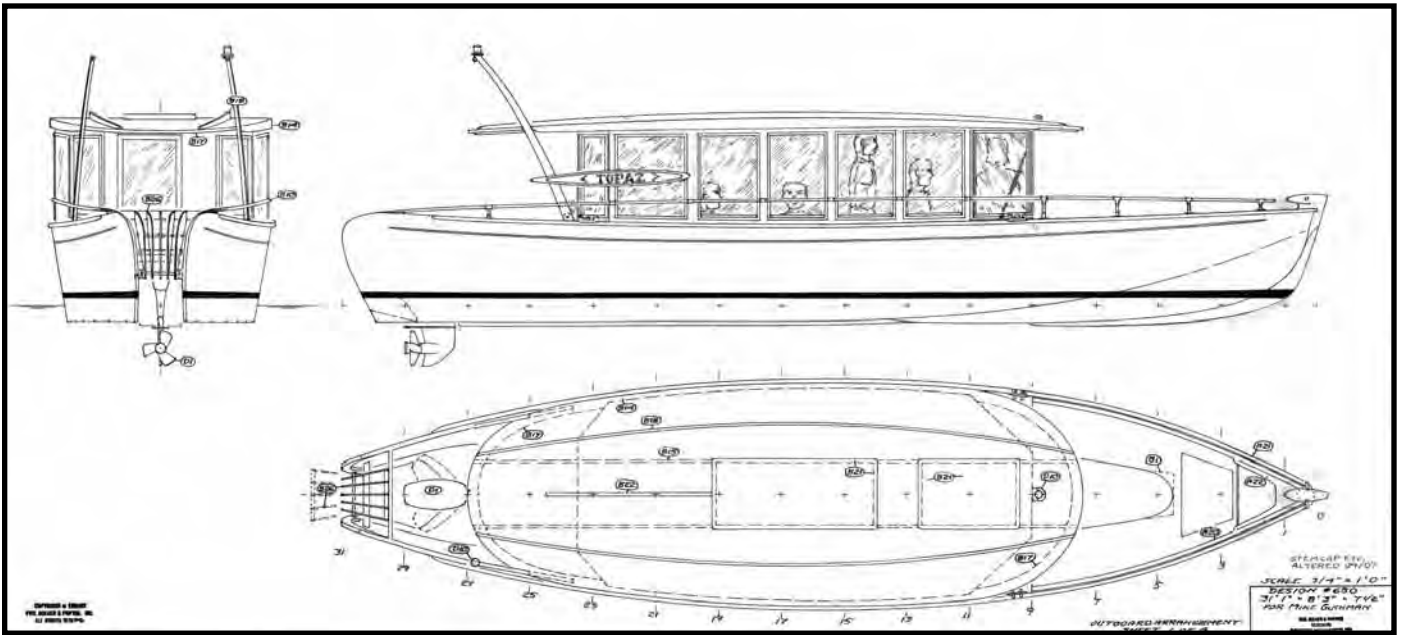
The question there is whether the direct copying of the aft tapered house footprint from Topaz offers a rather interesting 3D visual or whether the square interior maximizing option could look fine as well since seeming "right." Same thoughts around the actual shape and the length of her rear house roof extension. In fact, I may let her overall aesthetics simmer for a bit to likely tweak her here and there. For instance, running those Topaz styling related rails from bow to stern might be worthy of reconsideration, or may turn out to already be dripping with the perfection of joining ergonomics and looks in this characteristic arc.

In this black AND white layout in *MAIB* you may have to add just the right amount of extra imagination to really get a sense of the elegance of this Glass House Yacht in the flesh with light and landscapes, boats and waves traveling through everything, extraordinarily generous pleasures on a simple hull.

Seems like she might grow on me, after I've been hooked on the raised deck flavor for a bit. Perhaps that bow is high enough for most coastal itineraries. Like on SACPAS-3, big and high enough freeing ports are essential, short of a well cut well supported canvas to really keep spray and a few swipes of white water out of her bow cockpit.

At any rate, between folks glancing and in depth studying whatever line art, this reminds me of Phil's periodic casual remark that many such studies, even full designs, or just rudimentary sketches have done wonders for folks to balance daily challenges, big and small, through plenty of sustaining helpings from brief glances to feed a bit of extra energy into the day and night. And you'll always get to decide whether you'd draw the curtains.

More concept work next issue but I don't think it will be square stern go fast version of the Topaz.





Small Craft Illustration #11 by Irwin Schuster

irwinschuster@verizon.net

One Everlasting Truth

The people who work with their hands, for example, fishermen and farmers, always seem to find the simplest, cheapest and most efficient ways to get things done.

Parking Lot Skids

By Richard Honan

As I rode my bike out on to the Nahant Town Wharf, I saw this workboat skiff turned on it's side with three of these massive 1/4" thick steel runners fastened to the bottom of the boat. I thought to myself, "What the hell are they for?" A few minutes later, I watched a lobsterman motor his wooden skiff in from his lobster boat. He landed the skiff at the base of the black topped boat ramp. He backed his truck down the ramp, removed the outboard, placed it in the truck bed and "tied the painter to the trailer hitch" and proceeded to tow the boat (no trailer) up the ramp and into the parking lot where the rest of the skiffs were parked.

Upon further inspection, I noted that the rest of the skiffs or workboats also had thick sacrificial runners or skids on the bottoms of their boats. And that's how it's done in Nahant. They don't need no stinkin' boat trailers. Very interesting!

Lobster Skiff Sculling and Other Down East Tricks

By James Reid

In my time in Maine I noted that all the lobstermen's skiffs had sculling notches in their transoms so they could shuttle back and forth, either sitting or standing, using one hand. Of course, in many Maine harbors they don't have too far to go from the town dock to their boat. Never saw skiffs at a launching ramp, however. In fact, I don't recall ever seeing a launching ramp. It's probably all different now. Our dad taught we Reid boys to scull on a skiff transom, an invaluable skill if an oar is lost.

I, too, admire the skills and clever tricks of working men, farmers, carpenters and fishermen and lobstermen. A little background is called for here. Many years ago, Mary's brother, after watching his daily routine from our porch, befriended a Maine lobsterman on Indian Point, way down on Georgetown Island. He invited this Pat Moffat, a true Maineiac, up to our rental home for cocktails and sea stories.

Pat insisted we take a field trip down to the Five Islands dock to see their lobster hatchery. The cocktails prevent me from recalling all the details. But these Co-op members had conjured up a way to harvest lobster eggs, hatch them in a PVC barrel, transfer them to an adjacent barrel to grow them to a more survivable size. They would then take the young, and very precious, baby lobsters, now in 5gal buckets, in their flat bottom skiffs up into the salt marsh for gentle release using a siphon. "Seven years," said Pat Moffat, "same as Christmas tree seedlings, then they're big enough to harvest."

Years later we rented a house with front row seats to watch the Lobster Co-op at Five Islands, screen porch, cuppa cahfee, outdoor stereo speakers and binoculars = vacation heaven. We watched the morning rituals of the very happy and prosperous lobstermen on the pier, before they set out to harvest from their traps.

The seven year wait was paying off. Lobster was selling on that dock for \$10.99 a pound (add a dollar to cook it). They had a full time lobster weigher/sorter who would fill floating plastic crates with the catch and add the newly full crates (I counted 100 lobsters per crate) to the line, tied off between the pier railing near the bait shack and the float where his operation was carried out.

Each morning a refrigerated truck from a distributor in Salem, New Hampshire, backed out onto the pier near the hoist. One morning I counted 37 crates towed over to be hoisted up into that truck (the revenue calculations overwhelm me).

I marveled at the lobstermen stepping into their skiffs from the float, never failing to step dead center on the center seat, keeping the boat perfectly balanced. I also noted their clever, labor saving technique for moving their heavy bait boxes. They used a hooked stick, maybe a cutoff gaff, and dragged the boxes across the pier, down the gangway onto the float. Their younger, fitter sternman would heft it up onto the rail of the lobster boat and stow it for the day's work.

I now use a hooked stick to drag my recycling bins to the curb for pickup.



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Just a few thoughts on one of the hardest tasks a sailor ever faces, naming or renaming a boat. Naming a boat is much harder than naming a kid. If you give a child a name he or she doesn't like, the kid can always go by a nickname, adopt a new one or run away from home. But once you name a boat, you're stuck with it until you get another boat.

It's hard to come up with names that aren't banal, prosaic or offensive in someone's eyes. When I lived in Miami I regularly saw a 50' sport fisherman on Biscayne Bay that was called *Poverty Sucks*. Everyone hated that guy.

Another sailor in the 1980s named a boat *I'm Judy*, *Sail Me* after his airline stewardess wife. She worked for an airline that had a series of "I'm So and So, Fly Me" television ads that featured its female employees. He caught a load of crap from people who called it sexist but was proud that a national sailing magazine put him on its list of "Worst Boat Names of the Year."

One of my favorites was a sailboat from Michigan called *Fujimo*, its name drawn in a vaguely Oriental script on the hull of an International 50-footer owned by a fanatic racer. It made a great picture of *Fujimo* sailing on the Sea of Japan under snow capped Mount Fujiyama when a Japanese zillionaire hosted the whole International 50 fleet for a major regatta.

But the name had nothing to do with the mountain or even Japan, for that matter. The owner's marriage was near an end when he decided to replace his 44-footer with the 50 and spend even more time away from home racing. His wife said that if he bought the 50 it would be the final straw and *Fujimo* was an acronym for the last words he allegedly heard from her as she left: "F--- You Jerry, I'm Moving Out!"

Boat Names

By Eric Sharp

Now I have no beef with common names like *Starlight*, *Susie Q* and *Mon Ark* seen in so many marinas, other than to feel sorry for the boats. And if you name a boat *The Office* or *Seaduction* you'll find a lot more people than you think have done the same.

A boat name should be very personal, reflect something from your life that few others share and it should be unusual or memorable at the same time. Some favorite boat names I've run across include the old maxi yacht *Running Tide*, *Luna Rosa*, the Italian America's Cup boat named for a Neapolitan love song and *Bondi Tram*, named for the fast, noisy streetcars that used to carry raucous crowds to and from Bondi Beach near Sydney, Australia. They haven't run for 50 years but Aussies still say that something fast is "going like a Bondi tram."

Another favorite was a 7½' Optimist pram, *Tilt* was perfect, as anyone who has watched 10-year-olds dumping and uprighting these tiny boats will confirm.

Tiny Dancer intrigued me, as much for its derivation as its poetry. It was a 17' sloop owned by a guy who was sailing around the world. He had already sailed the length of the Mediterranean Sea and Atlantic Ocean when I met him and was about to leave Miami for the Panama Canal and the Pacific.

While I like *Fishing R Us*, a lot of other people do, too. But *Finnegan's Wake* minimizes potential copiers to a relative handful of people of Irish ancestry.

I must admit to being a more than a bit puzzled by a boat called *Ezekiel 25:17*. In my King James version of the Old Testament that verse reads, "And I will execute great ven-

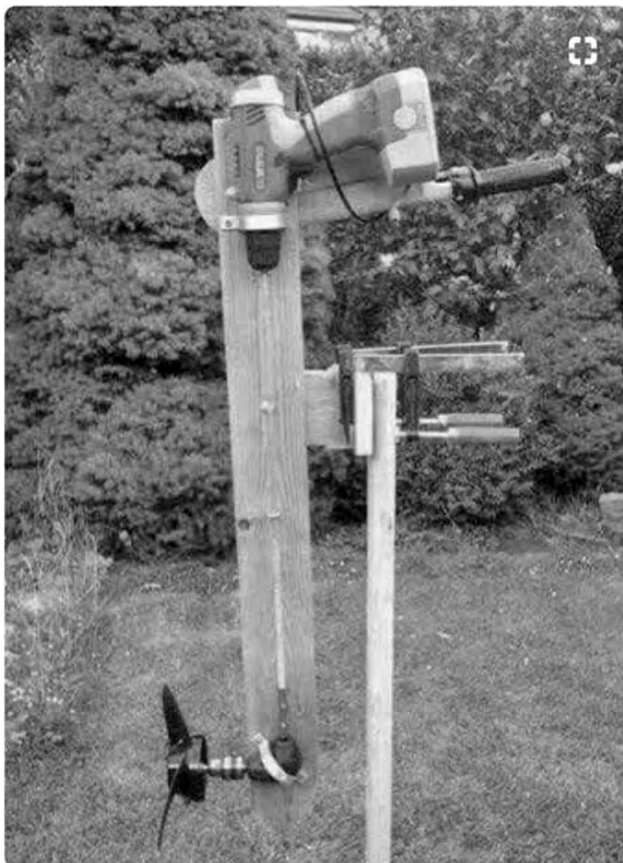
geance upon them with furious rebukes, and they shall know that I am the LORD, when I shall lay my vengeance upon them." OK.

We have three boats at the moment. Our Ericson 29 cruising sailboat is *Flora Burn*, named for the Scottish lady pirate who operated off the east coast of North America before the Revolutionary War. I'm a native Scot and my Canadian wife, Susan, has three-quarters Scots ancestry among her grandparents (the fourth is a Sassenach, Gaelic for "southerner," i.e., English). Since Susan does most of the helming, *Flora Burn* seemed appropriate.

Our 13' outboard skiff is called *Y Squared*, named by our grandson, Lachlan. Like most kids he learned to drive things that steer with a wheel and had to adjust to steering with a tiller that is pushed right to go left and vice versa. *Y Squared* is the mathematical description of a shape called a parabola, a distorted U that comes in from an infinite distance on one side, swings around a focal point and heads out toward an infinite end on the other like the positions of a tiller.

I recently sold a Windrider 17 called *This Side Up!* The inspiration came from a guy who sailed a fast and very tender monohull wing boat on the Great Lakes. The bottom of the hull was lettered, "If You Can Read This, Call 911." The Windrider was replaced by a 22' sloop, along with a Sea Pearl 21 cat-ketch. The sloop is as yet nameless, but the Sea Pearl came with the name *Namaste* and it's starting to grow on me.

You should never stop thinking up good boat names. I've been musing lately about buying a small cruising trimaran, something about 22'-23' feet with shoal draft for the skinny waters off Southwest Florida where we sail from October to June. Of course, if I do buy one, I know what Susan's choice for a name will be, *Eric's New Home*.



Left: Redneck Trolling Motor
Below: Budget Navy Towboat



Recreational vessels capsize for various reasons, some due to weather conditions, overloading or because the center of gravity is too high for the craft involved (think flying bridge or tuna tower). Our Sisu 26 was designed for a small flying bridge but I did not like the increased topside weight and windage. Therefore, no flying bridge for us. The additional windage of a flying bridge or tuna tower can affect the boat's anchoring requirements. Usually, the more windage, a longer anchor rode is needed and/or a larger anchor than for a similar boat without the added structure.

Recreational boats up to 20' in length are required to have capacity labels indicating what's safe to carry in terms of engine horsepower, cargo (including gear and engines) and passengers. Hull displacement, the mass of water a hull displaces when floating, is the basis for weight capacity calculations. "Persons" capacity information includes both the number of passengers who may be carried safely as well as the total weight of those passengers. It's the most prominent information listed on the capacity label because people are considered to be the "live load," meaning they can move around inside the boat, affecting stability.

In some cases, the capacity label may



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

simply say "Maximum Gross Load." Such a term means everything added to the hull (fuel, engine weight, accessories, passengers, etc). Some have a person capacity number, how many people can be safely on the boat. Although the average weight per person may change, for most recreational boats the capacity equation is based on a family of four with an average weight per occupant of 165 pounds. Vessels of more than 20' aren't required to have labels, although boats up to 26' built to the American Boat & Yacht Council (ABYC) standards and adopted by the National Marine Manufacturers Association (NMMA) do.

As an individual who spent weekends on (or in) the waters of the Gulf of Mexico for high onto 65 years, I have developed skin cancer here and there on my arms, hands and face. One aspect of the time on the water I did not expect was basal cell carcinoma on the underside of my nose. According to my doctor (who is a sailor), this condition is caused by sunlight reflection off the water. I know about burnt feet from sitting on a pier with no shoes, but not about burning the bottom of the nose. You might want to keep this in mind and extend your use of sunburn protection to the underside of your nose the next time you are out for a sail.

While reading a book about a couple who paddled down the Mississippi River in a fiberglass covered wooden kayak, I came across the term "wood flour" which was used with epoxy to fix a hole in their vessel. It seems that I have been using this product for years without knowing it. Wood flour is finely cut sawdust that is used for creating fillets and fillers. My source was the dust created from using a beltsander on my wooden boat projects and saving the dust. I still have a number of containers in storage, one for teak, one for mahogany, one for fir and one for plywood. If used with a clear glue and made into a putty, the results usually dried out to meet the same (or close to) the color of the wood it was added to as a filler or fillet. If you cannot create your "wood flour," you can purchase it at most hardware stores. Saving

the saw and sanding dust seems a less expensive way to go.

Recreational boating publications are always carrying ads for devices to light up various areas of the boat. In a lot of small boats the engine area is both cramped and not well lit and, usually, any installed lights are not in the place to put light where it is needed. One solution is a light on a headband that shines where you are looking. My solution was an 8' cord with alligator clamps at one end, an inline fuse and a 12v light connection at the other end (think a shielded work light). Put the clamps on the battery and I had a light that could be moved around as needed. I had one in my car's toolbox as there were times, when working on an engine, that the automotive work light was too large for the space and the smaller 12v light worked just fine. It can also be useful when at the side of the road at night.

A commercial ship is properly loaded when the ship's waterline equals the ship's Plimsoll line for the voyage. The Plimsoll line is a reference mark located on a ship's hull (amidship both port and starboard) that indicates the maximum depth to which the vessel may be safely immersed when loaded with cargo and the lines on both sides should show the same depth and be horizontal to the water. This depth varies with a ship's dimensions, time of year and the water densities encountered in port and at sea. Once these factors have been accounted for, a ship's captain can determine the appropriate Plimsoll line needed for the voyage. An additional concern is that the density of water is subject to location. Cold water is denser than warm water and salt water is denser than fresh water. Thus, the Plimsoll lines used at a given time are for where the boat is and where the boat is going:

TF = Tropical Fresh Water, T = Tropical, F = Fresh Water, S = Summer, W = Winter, WNA = Winter North Atlantic.

Your vessel's Plimsoll line is the waterline molded into the hull. If the waterline is "underwater," the craft is overloaded. Repainting the hull and raising the waterline is not a recommended procedure. As noted above, your boat may float at a different level in salt water than in fresh water, and research has shown that a boat's propeller may provide operational differences if the system was set up for one area of the country and the boat is moved to another area (northern salt water vs southern salt water, for instance).

In the same vein, sailboats designed for given wind conditions may not sail as well when moved to another area. My Wharram catamaran's sail was designed for the North Sea. The sail area was a little small for the winds of Apalachee Bay. Such was also the case for a friend's boat designed to be sailed in the tradewinds of the Caribbean when it was sailed off Shell Point. In the same manner, a boat designed for one type of water may not do well if taken to another area. We had a 16' I/O designed for lakes and rivers which did not do that well (except on calm water) in Apalachee Bay when the wind and waves built. The hull was simply not designed for the conditions. We sold the boat and, after a while, acquired a Sisu 22. No speed, but a safe comfortable ride and no concerns when a squall line came through the area. After all, the boat was designed for the North Atlantic with good freeboard forward and a low center of gravity.

Messing About in Boats, October 2018 – 53

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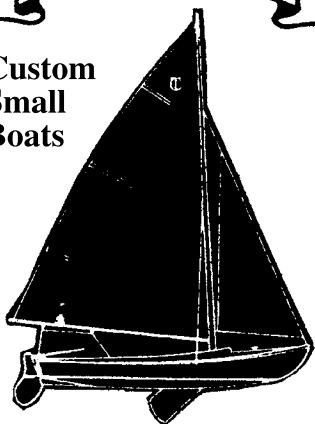
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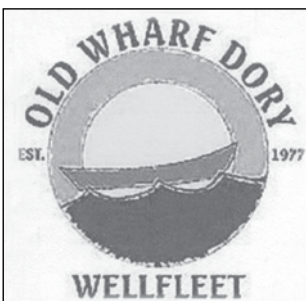
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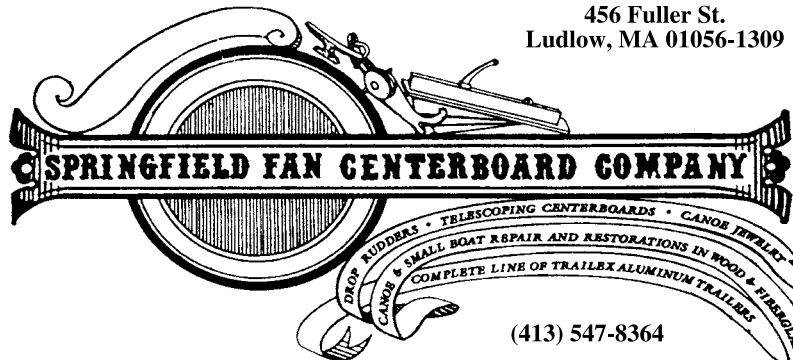
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Years ago my wife and I stayed at Wawbeck Great Camp on Upper Saranac Lake. The trip included fly fishing with Joe Hackett, guide and founder of Tahawus Limited. Joe met us with his cedar guideboat strapped to the truck. It was old and well used...but when he put it in the water, it floated gracefully, swan-like. He loaded it like a mule for our trip. Still, it remained swan-like. I was taken by the lines. I had never rowed a boat that looked remotely like this, just seeing it sitting on the water spoke volumes as to its potential. Later that day I rowed the boat myself. My wife and I were treated to calm water, a beautiful sunset and a boat that knew how to respond to a light touch on the oars. I felt something of a spiritual connection with the boat. The next day we had caught a couple of nice sized rainbows and Joe grilled them over an open fire that night. We camped lakeside and the next morning I awoke with a case of guideboat fever. Before we parted company I asked Joe where a person might buy a guideboat. He said there were several able builders in the area, but referred me to the Adirondack Guideboat Company over in Vermont. On our way home we stopped at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake where I bought a copy of "Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks" by the Museum's curator of boats, Hallie Bond. When we got back to Florida, I continued to stoke the fire by reading the history of the Adirondack guideboat.

Eventually I bought myself a Kevlar guideboat, named Lily, after Claude Monet, my favorite painter. I recently planned a long row for myself on the St. Johns River in Central Florida. When I arrived the marina was dark as pitch, bass fishermen were ahead of me, waiting to back their boats down the ramps. By the time I offloaded Lily I was alone and the sun was up. With a few pulls on the oars the noise from the road was replaced by the sights and sounds of waterfowl, osprey, herons, cranes, ducks and the occasional vigilant alligator sunning itself on a log. Except for palmettos and an occasional palm, the trees lining the riverbank were barren of foliage. They were, however, draped in grey Spanish Moss hanging heavily from their limbs. I rowed 31 miles that day. I felt truly alive, even if my 75 year old body scolded me for several days thereafter. Bill Banner, Winter Park, Florida